

\$1,000 PRIZE STORY. "THE GLEN ECHO MYSTERY"

The Black Cat

Copyright, 1898 by The Shortstory Publishing Co.



December, 1898.

The Glen Echo Mystery.

\$1,000 Prize Story. By Walter Wellman.

Bumblepuppy on the Range. Edward Boltwood.

The Man from Alaska. Louis Weslyn Jones.

Two Christmas Eves. Wilson S. Henry.

The Transformation of Mrs. Dwight's Son-in-Law. Louise S. Todd.

No. 39 Copyright, 1898, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.



THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO 144 HIGH ST BOSTON MASS



"JUST DELICIOUS."

LOWNEY'S

Chocolate Bonbons

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

The most famous because the most delightful of confections. Celebrated for their delicious quality, perfect purity, and dainty flavors. Made in both dark and light colors to suit all preferences

A trial package for ten cents in stamps.

When not to be had of dealers, we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, \$1.20; 3-lb. box, \$1.80; 5-lb. box, \$3.00. Delivered free in the United States.

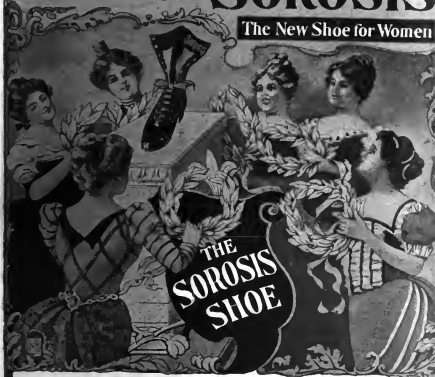
ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., No. 70 PEARL ST., BOSTON.

New York Retail Store: 1123 Broadway (25th St.). Boston Retail Store: 416 Washington Street.

Paying Tribute To SOROSIS

The New Shoe for Women



FASHIONABLE WOMEN and all women who know Sorosis Shoes are paying tribute to their shapely lines, their exquisite finish, their superior construction, and their wonderful ease.

The woman who doesn't wear them is missing the greatest luxury in footwear ever placed within woman's reach. Sorosis Shoes are to-day the accepted standard of the world, and

The Masterpiece of the Shoemaker's Art.

Sorosis Shoes support the instep, and prevent flattening of the arch of the foot.

Get them of your dealer if possible; but, if he has only a substitute to offer, we will send, express prepaid in the United States, on receipt of retail price,

\$3.50

CAUTION. — You are not getting Sorosis Shoes unless this Trade-Mark is branded into the soles.



Our finely illustrated Catalogue shows shapes and kinds (37 styles) for all occasions, and gives directions for ordering by mail. Sent **FREE**. A. E. LITTLE & CO., 52 Blake Street, Lynn, Mass.

THE OLYMPIA

PLAYS OVER A THOUSAND TUNES



SELF-PLAYING MUSIC BOX

The Olympia Self-Playing Music Box is the latest and most improved of all the Music Boxes with interchangeable Tune-Disks.

The Piano Cannot Produce the richness attained by the Olympia unless played by six or eight hands, and then the players must be experts—for Olympia disks are as much superior to all others in their correct and expressive rendering as the Olympia Music Box itself is superior to every other make in tone and simplicity of construction.

This Wonderful Richness of Tone you'll realize at once; the durability you'll appreciate years from now, after inferior makes would have been worn out and useless. It doesn't have to be coaxed to play; any child can give the winding crank a few turns—enough for a dozen tunes—30 minutes without re-winding. Disks are easily changed—they're practically indestructible.

Over 500 Tunes are ready now, and the latest music is constantly being added.

Charming Home Entertainments may be arranged without notice if an Olympia is in the parlor—Dancing, singing, instrumental renderings—Hymns and Church Music, too.

The above Illustration

shows Style IV—highly polished mahogany or oak case—22 x 20 x 10 ins. high. 77 teeth in comb. Price, including One Tune-Disk,

\$45 Sent on Receipt of Price.

Extra Tunes, 60c. each.

Insist on an Olympia; there is no "just as Good."

Send for handsome Illustrated Catalogue of Music Boxes, at all prices, and list of tunes.

F. G. OTTO & SONS, 44 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Or from Dealers in Musical Instruments, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, etc., etc.



My Papa makes
WILEY'S Hygienic
"CAPITOL"
LAMBS WOOL
SOLES
from you

Ladliest Send 25c. for fine pair or 30c. for extra fine pair of Wiley's "CAPITOL" (Trade-Mark Registered) Lambs Wool Soles for crocheted slippers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. State size. Sold at shoe and department stores. Take no substitute.

Send 25c. for pair of Wiley's Hygienic Wool Lined "ALASKA SOCKS," for rubber boots, hospital and house wear. Only antiseptic sock made. State size. Sold at all shoe stores.

W. H. WILEY & SON, Box 225 Hartford, Conn.

School JOURNALISM



INSTRUCTION BY MAIL ONLY.

A thorough and scientific course adapted to the individual needs of writers. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Instructors experienced and competent. Students successful and pleased. Best of references. Write for descriptive catalogue. It is sent free. Address,

Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, No. 59 Telephone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS Have you seen the LITTLE

Full of beautiful stories and pictures. Samples free. Agents Wanted. S. E. CASSINO, 32 Pope Building, Boston, Mass.



A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Get Mennen's (the original).

Sample free.

OWEN HAD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Breakfast!

Don't starve yourself in the morning. Don't stuff yourself in the morning. Breakfast should be nourishing and easily digested, for it has to sustain the whole family through the most trying part of the day. Give your tired stomach a chance by breakfasting on Quaker Oats.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

QUAKER OATS

QUAKER OATS



"It's Knitted Table Padding—saves wear and breakage, and is Silence itself."

KNITTED TABLE PADDING,

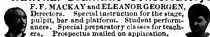
KNITTED MATTRESSES, AND

KNITTED MATTRESS PADS

are things no good housekeeper will do without after once trying them. They represent the difference between Good housekeeping and Bad housekeeping,—the difference between Comfort, Economy, and Luxury, and Discomfort, Extravagance, and Drudgery. *A most appropriate Holiday Gift.* Sold by first-class dry goods houses. Send for illustrated free booklet to KNITTED MATTRESS CO., Canton Junction, Mass.

Be sure to mention The Black Cat.

National Dramatic Conservatory.



F. F. MACKAY and ELEANOR GEORGEN,
Directors. Special instruction for the stage,
pulpit, bar and platform. Student perform-
ances. Special preparatory classes for teach-
ers. Prospectus mailed on application.

THE NATIONAL DRAMATIC CONSERVATORY,
Berkeley Lyceum, 14 West 44th Street, New York.

Angora Cats AND Kittens.

I have a fine stock of these beautiful pets to select from. Any color or age. I can please every one who wants the VERY BEST at reasonable prices. Send

stamp for full particulars. S. J. GLIDDEN, Freedom, Maine.

Christmas or Wedding Gift

SOMETHING NEW IN STERLING SILVER.

THE DONALDSON

Makes dainty china look daintier.

MUSTACHE GUARD



Can be easily put on or taken off, as it fits any sized drinking cup. A useful and ornamental article for Husband, Brother, or Friend. Gentlemen should not be without one. Price, without monogram, \$1.00, postpaid.



DONALDSON COMPANY, Sta. A, Detroit, Mich.

Guaranteed Sterling Silver, 925-1000 fine. These figures represent its intrinsic value. Agents wanted.

MELLIN'S FOOD

I send you a picture of our Mellin's Food baby taken at 6 months of age.

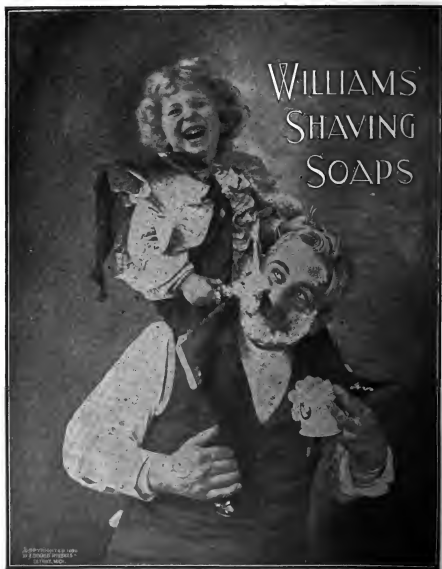
He is a very sturdy little fellow, and has cut all of his teeth with no trouble beyond a little restlessness with the double ones. In spite of our efforts to hold him back he walked when 11 months old.

Mrs. E. L. McKenzie,
Greene, N. Y.

Mellin's Food contains all of the flesh, bone and muscle-forming elements which are essential to the nourishment and build-up of a baby's body. A free sample of Mellin's Food will be sent upon request.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.





"A Merry Christmas!"

PATRIOTIC AMERICANS WEAR THE INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH

FOR CHRISTMAS

Is the greatest value for the smallest outlay that has ever been offered to the public. It is unrivaled by any product of its kind on the face of the earth. It is like our great Nation, our great Heroes and Statesmen—unapproachable. It is guaranteed by the broadest guarantee ever given a watch, and backed by the greatest watch success in history. Output, "a million a year."



Mailed post-
paid to any
address for

\$1.00

Send for Souvenir Booklet
"The Man Behind the Gun."

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

67 CORTLANDT ST. N. Y. CITY.

ADDRESS

DEPT. 156





Hall's Vegetable Sicilian ... Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair.
Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair.
Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out.
Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented.
Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
DEC 11 1944

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1898, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

No. 39.

DECEMBER, 1898.

5 cents a copy.
30 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION.—The entire contents of THE BLACK CAT are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.

The Glen Echo Mystery.*

BY WALTER WELLMAN.



NINE months ago, through the death of a kinsman in Chicago, a lot of old pictures, furniture, bric-a-brac and papers came into my possession. Most of these things were stored away in the garret of my house. One day, having occasion to go to the storeroom, my attention was attracted to an old-fashioned, battered leather trunk. I had often thought of satisfying my curiosity as to its contents, but had never been able to find a key that would fit the lock. This day, however, it occurred to me that the ancient leather contrivance was of no value, and that a knife would do quite as well as a key; so I whipped out my pocket-knife and ripped a long slit in the leather top.

Within I found a large number of packets of old letters, account books and diaries, and all sorts of manuscripts and pamphlets. All these I tumbled out upon the floor, and looked through them in an idle way. At first I found nothing of unusual interest;

* This is one of two stories that won the \$1,000 prize in THE BLACK CAT prize-story competition ending March 31, 1898.

but soon I came upon a packet of peculiar shape. It was apparently a sort of home-made envelope, composed of two pieces of old-fashioned blue linen paper folded and glued together. Upon the face of the packet was inscribed these words:—

Strictly Private

Never to be opened by anyone but me.

Henry Stone.

This was the signature of my dead kinsman, and I suppose I should have respected his injunction; but I did not. My curiosity was stronger than my reverence for the dead, so I slit open the packet.

Now I wish I had not done so. By prying into the secrets of the past, accidentally placed within my keeping, I have come face to face with a mystery which appalls me. For days and days and nights and nights I have turned it over in my mind, have looked at it from every point of view, have analyzed, searched, thought, imagined. But it has been all in vain. I am completely baffled. So are my friends to whom I have submitted the matter. Our combined ingenuity fails to afford a solution.

What I found within the packet of old blue linen paper was simply the following three cuttings from newspapers of long ago:—

**MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AT
GLEN ECHO.**

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 20. — The police officials here and detectives from New York are unable to throw any light upon the mysterious disappearance of Sylvester Baldwin from the house of our esteemed fellow townsman, Prof. Edwin Stone, who lives in the old Stone manor house at Glen

Echo, one of the picturesque suburbs of this city. Mr. Baldwin strangely disappeared last Sunday night, and though diligent search has been made for him during the forty-eight hours that have elapsed, not a single clue has been obtained.

Mr. Baldwin's home is in Boston. He came here about two weeks ago to visit Professor Stone, who was his classmate at Harvard. A house party

was given in his honor, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Jones, of Albany, Miss Irene Davidge, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Yonkers. Mr. Baldwin was about twenty five years of age, and a rising young lawyer of Boston. He was unmarried, but it is whispered that he had become engaged since his arrival here.

Mr. Baldwin was in fine health and spirits. Almost every day the guests had indulged in picnics, boating excursions, fishing, horseback riding and other amusements. Mr. Baldwin was the life of the party with his vivacity, wit and love of fun. On many of these excursions it was impossible for Professor Stone to go, as it is well known that in his laboratory, located on the roof of the manor house, he is carrying on some very important experiments. When he felt compelled to remain in his workshop, Professor Stone designated Mr. Baldwin to act as his representative in the entertainment of the party.

Sunday last the ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by Professor Stone's aged mother, with whom he lives, attended divine services in the morning, and spent the afternoon in walks and drives. Toward evening, the weather growing colder, they all assembled in the big dining hall, where they made a rousing log fire in the old-fashioned fireplace. They had refreshments and music, and Mr. Baldwin's fine baritone voice was never heard to better advantage. About ten o'clock, after planning their excursion for the next day, all retired to their rooms on the second floor.

Mr. Baldwin was heard by Mr. and Mrs. Jones and by Miss Davidge, who occupied adjoining rooms, to enter his chamber a few moments after they had reached their own apartments.

He was whistling softly or humming an air, indicating the happy condition of his mind. He was also heard closing a window, and closing and latching the outside blinds. Between the apartment of Mr. Baldwin and that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jones there is a door, somewhat warped by time, and through the cracks and the big old-fashioned keyhole Mr. Jones heard Mr. Baldwin bounce into bed; but as the light in his room was not extinguished, as Mr. Jones noticed when he put out his own light and retired, the supposition is that Mr. Baldwin was reading in bed before going to sleep, as was his habit.

From that moment not the slightest trace of the young lawyer has been secured. The last known of him, he was apparently lying in bed, reading, a happy man. Next morning he was not in his room. All his clothing and effects, save only the pajamas which he wore as a night robe, were in the apartment. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.

It is inconceivable that Mr. Baldwin suffered an attack of mental aberration and wandered away, for there had been a light fall of snow that evening and no tracks were found in it around the house. The barn and outbuildings, as well as every nook and cranny of the manor house, were carefully searched. The police looked into the haymows, and even lowered a man into the wells. They scoured the country around, but no one had seen or heard of a man wandering about in his pajamas. If Mr. Baldwin left the house, he went away without shoes, hat or clothing; and as cold weather has prevailed since his disappearance, it is almost inconceivable that he has not been forced to apply for shelter or food during the last forty-eight hours.

The detectives do not believe that Mr. Baldwin left the house. The morning after his disappearance the window blinds in his room were all found fastened on the inside. So, too, were the front door and the rear or kitchen door and side door of the house. All were locked, with the keys in place inside. The detectives have satisfied themselves that the fall of snow Sunday evening ceased about nine o'clock, and it would have been impossible for Mr. Baldwin to wander away, or be carried away, without leaving traces of footsteps.

But neither Mr. Baldwin living nor Mr. Baldwin dead is to be found in the house now. The search has been thorough from cellar to garret. Professor Stone's laboratory upon the roof has been thoroughly ransacked. As is known to our citizens, Professor Stone is engaged in investigations looking toward a new illuminating process and also in the water-proofing of fabrics. For these purposes he keeps upon the roof quite a collection

of apparatus, retorts, gas generators, a large lot of fabric, some of which has been chemically treated, tools, fine instruments, etc. Professor Stone says he was in his laboratory hard at work the night his friend disappeared. No other member of the family or any of the guests heard Mr. Baldwin's steps that fateful night. Professor Stone insisted that the detectives should thoroughly search his laboratory. The officers opened the gas machines, sifted the cinders in all the retorts and overhauled all the piles of fabric. They found not the slightest trace of the missing man, dead or alive.

Professor Stone and all the members of his house party, so merry a few days ago, are bowed down with grief. They not only fear that Mr. Baldwin is dead, but they are overwhelmed by the mystery which surrounds them. They feel that they are living within the shadow of a tragedy which has not been explained and which thus far is wholly inexplicable.

MYSTERY PILED ON MYSTERY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 22. — The mystery of the disappearance of Sylvester Baldwin is not yet cleared up. In fact, it grows deeper and darker. This morning a telegram was received from Saratoga. It read as follows: —

CHIEF OF POLICE, POUGHKEEPSIE: Body of man in night-clothes found last Monday morning at daylight by mail carrier on bridle-path in the Adirondacks about one hundred miles from here. What was date of your man's disappearance?

CITY MARSHAL.

To this Chief of Police Kiplely replied, giving the date of Mr. Baldwin's disappearance, and adding: "Impossible same man."

Of course it is impossible, and yet it is a most strange and striking coincidence. Have two men disappeared in their pajamas during

the past week? This most extraordinary development did not impress Chief Kipley as having any bearing upon the Baldwin case. When asked if there could possibly be any connection between the two incidents he replied: —

“It is absurd to think there was. Mr. Baldwin disappeared after ten o'clock Sunday night. Early next morning the body of a man was found in the Adirondacks, two hundred miles from here. There is no railway nearer than Saratoga. It is a journey of about two days from the place where the body was found to the nearest railway station, and that is by mounted courier. A wagon would need four days over those rough roads. It was a physical impossibility for the body of Mr. Baldwin to be carried to that remote point in the Adirondacks by next morning, and, therefore, we do not need to discuss this phase of the case any farther. The body found in the mountains is that of some other man.”

Chief Kipley is undoubtedly right. Your reporter has ascertained that the only train for the north after Mr. Baldwin retired to his room was the midnight express, which does not make connections at Albany for Saratoga. The earliest possible arrival at Saratoga would have been at ten o'clock Monday morning, and that is still one hundred miles by a rough mountain road from the place where the body was found, according to the telegram, at daylight Monday morning.

Notwithstanding the utter impossibility of there being any connection between the two incidents, Miss Davidge, who has taken much to heart the strange fate of Mr. Baldwin, has insisted that careful investigation be made of the Adirondack case. In this she is supported by Professor Stone, and by others at the Glen Echo house. Their anxiety is so great that they grasp at straws. Chief Kipley, to humor their strange whim, has agreed to send a man to the mountains to inquire carefully into the finding of the body there, though protesting that it is useless expense and trouble.

Chief Kipley is still convinced, as are all the detectives who have worked on the case, that Mr. Baldwin, living or dead, is still in the manor house. He has expressed his belief to Professor Stone, and the latter has insisted upon a more thorough search. In consequence, the old house has been nearly pulled to pieces. Partitions have been cut down, floors ripped out, walls opened, the floor of the cellar dug up, and the ashes and cinders in every furnace and stove, including the retorts in Professor Stone's laboratory, have been subjected to chemical analysis by Professors Tausig and Bruinier, of the Polytechnic School. The barns and outbuildings, strawstacks and wells, have all been researched. Every scrap of paper in Mr. Baldwin's rooms has been scrutinized. All the inmates of the house have been subjected to another examination, but without disclosing any new facts. Not a single trace of Mr. Baldwin or of the manner in which he left or was taken from his room, not even a shadow of a clue, has been discovered.

MR. BALDWIN'S BODY FOUND.

AN ASTOUNDING CASE.

SARATOGA, Oct. 26.—The body found in the Adirondacks a week ago this morning was that of Sylvester Baldwin, after all. It has been positively identified by Professor Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Miss Irene Davidge, who came here to view it, accompanied by your reporter. But instead of clearing up the mystery, this discovery has darkened it into one of the most inexplicable crimes of the century.

All we know now is that Mr. Baldwin is dead; that he disappeared from his room in the manor house at Glen Echo after ten o'clock Sunday night, the 8th inst.; that his body was found at daylight next morning two hundred miles away, a hundred miles from the nearest railway; and that he must have been foully murdered.

Detective Brown, who was sent by Chief Kipley to investigate the Adirondack case, reached Saratoga last Friday morning, and by hard riding over the mountain roads arrived at Cascadeville Saturday evening. There he found the body, which had been brought in from a point eight miles north. Mr. Brown closely questioned the mail carrier who had found the body about six o'clock Monday morning, on his way from Lake Placid. There was no doubt as to the day and hour, as these were attested by the mail carrier, Daniel Givins, and by the authorities at Cascadeville, who had sent after the remains, and also despatched a courier to Westport with a telegram to the City Marshal of Saratoga.

When Givins came upon the body it was lying in the road. His horse was frightened by it. The remains lay in a sort of heap, and were not yet quite cold.

The skull was smashed, the neck broken, and the head driven in toward the shoulders. Many bones in the body and limbs were broken, indicating that the remains may have been tightly packed in a box or crammed into a cask. The only clothing upon the corpse was a suit of silken pajamas, tied around the waist with a cord of the same material.

The deceased had never been seen in that region, nor was any one known to be missing. The population is sparse, and every tourist and sportsman is known along the trails to the guides, boatmen and innkeepers. No man could carry a human body to that remote spot save upon the back of a horse, and no mysterious horseman or other person was reported from any part of the district. The manner in which the body had made its appearance in the midst of the mountains was as much of a mystery to the people there as the means by which it had been removed from Poughkeepsie was to Detective Brown.

Detective Brown had known Mr. Baldwin, and as soon as he saw the body he was convinced of its identity. Accordingly he sent a courier with a telegram to Chief Kipley, and hired two men and two horses to help him carry the remains to Saratoga. They arrived here at three o'clock this afternoon, and there was a sad scene when our party from Poughkeepsie were admitted to the undertaker's rooms to view the body. Every one at once recognized in the broken and mangled mass of flesh handsome, manly Sylvester Baldwin. Professor Stone was greatly agitated when he beheld the features of his college chum and best friend, and Miss Davidge uttered a cry of pain and would have swooned had not Mrs. Jones led her away.

The face of the deceased is natural. In one of the front teeth is a gold filling just such as Mr. Baldwin had in one of his front teeth. The silken pajamas are

precisely like Mr. Baldwin's, and, moreover, his initials "S. B." are embroidered upon a little linen tag under the neck. The name of the maker, a Boston firm, is there, too. Still stronger proof of the identity of the remains, if any were needed, is found in the fact that in a pocket of the pajamas was discovered a locket containing a miniature of Miss Irene Davidge.

There is, therefore, not the slightest doubt whatever that this is the body of Sylvester Baldwin. There can be no doubt, either, that he was murdered. But how and by whom? And above all, how was his body carried, in six or seven hours, some two hundred miles from his room in the manor house at Glen Echo to that lonely spot in the mountains, to reach which a journey of two days and nights is required, even under the most favorable circumstances?

It cannot be possible that the body which we have here is that of another man. It is beyond reason to suppose that there was a simultaneous disappearance of two men, both wearing silken pajamas exactly alike, the two men resembling one another in figure, face, color of eyes and hair, teeth and everything as closely as if they were twins, both bearing the initials "S. B." and both carrying in their pockets a miniature of Miss Irene Davidge, of New York.

Every one is greatly depressed, not only on account of Mr. Baldwin's sad fate, but by the inexplicable mystery surrounding the dreadful tragedy. The police and the detectives are without even a theory. The doctors and professors who have carefully examined the body and subjected parts of its raiment to microscopic tests are without any explanation, however shadowy and unsatisfactory. Have the Black Arts been revived, or must we ascribe this most extraordinary tragedy to the working of some modern miracle?

This is the strange story my curiosity had unearthed from the recesses of my dead kinsman's trunk. You will now see why I am sorry I disobeyed the injunction which I found written upon the blue packet. The tale which these old newspaper clippings tell has rung in my ears and whirled about in my brain, robbing me of sleep and making me nervous and restless. I have searched the old trunk again and again for further light upon it, but without success. I have had a feeling that somehow or other I must discover the dread secret, for this tragedy was in my family. Not only did it occur, or at least have its beginning, in the house of one of my kinsmen, but, now that the circumstances have been brought so strikingly to my attention, I recall that my relation, Professor Stone, married the Miss Davidge who figures in the story, lived with her in happiness for many years, and reared a fine family of boys and girls. Though I had never known either Professor Stone or his wife, Mr. Henry Stone, their brother, who left to my charge the fateful trunk, has told me of the professor's successful and useful career and happy home life.

But all my efforts have been unavailing. I am unable to find a clue or even to evolve a satisfactory theory. I can only give my readers the facts and leave them to struggle with the problem, as I have struggled.

.

POSTSCRIPT. — The foregoing was written some months ago. Meanwhile I have made strenuous efforts to throw off the strange fascination which this mystery has exerted upon me — to stop thinking and worrying about it; but to no purpose. It has continued to harass me. To-day, feeling more desperate than usual, I went up to the garret with a hatchet and a big knife, determined to cut the old trunk to pieces in order to discover if its shell contained any clue to the mystery. Underneath the lining in the bottom I found a letter apparently no more than five or six years old, which read as follows: —

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1892.

My dear Brother Henry: — I am writing this letter to you with my own hand, despite my physical weakness. It is the last letter I shall ever write to you, for I know my end is fast approach-

ing. The doctor tells me I shall recover, but he cannot deceive me.

I have, as you know, led a busy, a useful, a successful life. My inventions have brought me distinction and reward. There is only one thing in my career which I regret, and even that does not fill me with much remorse. Once there came to me a moment in which all that life seemed to promise me — all happiness, success, and ambition — were involved in a struggle for mastery between two men — myself and another.

It is the law of nature that when two forces come in collision the weaker must give way. Nature has thus established the principle of the survival of the fittest, the dominance of the superior over the inferior. It matters not whether the struggle comes between planets or molecules, men or animals, nations or tribes, the law is the same. No man can be above the law of his being and his surroundings; it is his right and duty to work out his salvation within the sphere and under the principles which nature has ordained.

And yet in my case that which I had to do was extremely disagreeable. I had to remove a man from my pathway. One or the other had to suffer a most grievous loss, a fatal disappointment; and when this clash of interests came I had the right, under nature's laws, to defend myself. The man whose life crossed mine, and whom it was necessary for me to remove, was my best friend, and, for the moment, my guest. These circumstances added to the unpleasantness of my task, but did not deprive me of my right of self-preservation — a right which exists in every living thing, from the humblest to the highest, and whose exercise nature restricts only with limitations of power.

You may wonder, brother, why I write these words. I write them because it is not in my nature to die with my secret untold. All these years I have carried it alone, absolutely alone. An impulse which I can neither describe nor control leads me to share my secret with just one human soul; and of course he can be none but you, my dearest friend and brother, who has shared all his secrets with me.

You will recall all the circumstances of the tragedy which happened at our house in Glen Echo shortly after I left college and while you were in Europe. We have often talked them over in the past, and you, like every one else, tried to solve the mystery. If you had only known what I knew!

I loved Irene Davidge before Sylvester Baldwin did. Before he and she met at our house I was passionately devoted to her. I made up the house party for the purpose of providing a good opportunity to press my suit, which I knew was not unpleasing. Before she returned home I had confidently expected she would be my promised wife. But from the first day she met Baldwin I knew my star was setting and his was in the ascendant. He was rapid and prosperous in his love-making, and I was forgotten. In a week they were lovers. One day I saw him kiss her as they stood behind some rose bushes in the garden. Had I not been a philosopher, a man of cool, calm reasoning, I should have killed him there and then.

But you know my self-possession, my absolute control of self, my favorite theory that he who can master himself can master the world. All that night I reasoned it out with myself. My conclusions, which to me then, as now, appeared logical, were as follows:—

1. Without her my life is ruined, as I know myself well enough to know I shall never love again.

2. If he lives she will be his, and I, the superior man in all save those superficial qualities which attract the other sex, shall be the loser in life's battle.

3. Nature has ordained that the superior shall triumph, and therefore I have the right to remove him from my way.

4. If I do remove him, in proper fashion, she will be mine, as she would have been mine had he not come between us. Therefore his removal will give me that which I must have.

Conclusion: I will remove him.

Action being determined upon, it only remained to decide the means. It was necessary that everything should be done in a prudent and orderly way. There must be no danger of discovery or even of suspicion being fastened upon me, for of course that would defeat the purpose in view. To obviate the possibility of pain or humiliation to our dear mother, or to you, my brother, was as much my duty as to protect the mind of Miss Davidge from being poisoned against me. Therefore it was necessary to proceed only after thorough consideration of all the possibilities. A minor point, but still one worthy of attention, was that I should not be compelled to do any actual butchering with my own hands, nor have any gruesome scenes about me. Even in this supreme moment, when I was successfully to work out my destiny or

utterly ruin myself, I could not overlook the fact that I was a gentleman. Nor could I take the risk of employing a confederate.

In a few hours my plans were laid. I hope you will agree with me that they were laid with judgment, skill, and thoroughness, as became a man of science and self-possession. Fortunately I had in my laboratory all the materials needed for my operations. But there was much work to do. Day and night I toiled up there on the roof of the old house, where you and I afterward passed so many happy hours while perfecting my inventions. I absented myself as much as possible from the house party, in part because I could not endure seeing him and her together, and in part because I needed all the time for my preparations. During a period of one hundred hours I took only as much sleep as one ordinarily gets in twenty-four.

At last I was ready. I remember that it was Sunday noon, just after services, that I tested my work, reviewed all my calculations, and found that nothing had been neglected. After dinner in the evening I spent some time with the party in the dining-room, and the loving glances exchanged between Sylvester and Irene were more endurable to me than they had hitherto been. Excusing myself about nine o'clock, I went upstairs. Entering Baldwin's room, I struck a match and found the book which he was engaged in reading. It was "Horace's Odes," from my library. I knew Sylvester's habit of reading for an hour before going to sleep — he formed it in college. Opening the volume to the bookmark, I turned over six pages and inserted there this note which I had prepared: —

Dear Sylvester: — If you are not too sleepy when you find this, come up to the laboratory. I have something important to show you.
E. S.

I calculated that it would take him a quarter of an hour to read from his bookmark to my note, and I felt sure he would come, as he had displayed much interest in my experiments, and had complained because of late I had admitted him so rarely to the laboratory. My only fear was that, in the time which I had given him, not all of the other people in the house would be asleep, as I naturally did not want any one to know he had visited me. At the same time I dared not place the note farther on in the book, lest he should not reach it before falling asleep himself. Of course I could have deferred the removal till another night, but now wind and weather favored, and I courted no delays.

He came a few moments before eleven o'clock. I was ready for him.

"Sylvester," said I, "here is a machine I have built for experimental purposes, and I want you to help me test it."

"All right, Edwin," he replied; "what is it now?"

"A new gas-holder, made of silk," said I; "and here is some of the new gas. Take a good whiff of it—it is like wine in the nostrils."

He took the metal flask which I handed him, turned the cock, and in a moment or two fell insensible at my feet. I had filled the flask with a combination of chloroform and hydrogen, under pressure, and when the cock was turned a cloud of most powerful anæsthetic fumes burst into his face.

Now I was master of the situation. First I locked the door leading to the floor below. I noted with satisfaction that he had brought my note with him, thus saving me a perilous trip down to his room after it. I burned it in my furnace. A look at the anemometer showed a wind movement of thirty miles an hour, and I was glad to see that the barometer was still falling. If it had been possible for a man of my temperament to have faltered in a set purpose, the sight of the locket containing Irene's portrait, which had fallen from the breast pocket of his pajamas as he fell, would have served to nerve me for my task.

With your knowledge of my thoroughgoing methods, dear brother, you will easily imagine how carefully I had planned everything. Sylvester's exact weight I had ascertained by a casual inquiry a few days before to be one hundred and fifty-three pounds. I assumed that he would come to me without stopping to dress, for he was hardy and athletic, and proud of his ability to endure exposure—an important point on account of the nicety of my calculations. The weight of the gas-bag was eighteen pounds, and of its lines and netting, five pounds; total, one hundred and seventy-six pounds. By careful test I had found the weight of my gas—it was nearly pure, dry hydrogen—was eighty thousandths of an ounce per cubic foot; and as air weighs one and two tenths ounces per foot, I had a net power of fully one and one tenth ounces per foot. The gas-bag was spherical, and a little more than eighteen feet in diameter, giving it a capacity of three thousand one hundred and fifty cubic feet, equal to two hundred and seventeen pounds lifting force.

It was necessary to have a little margin, to compensate for loss of gas by leakage. Careful calculations of the rarity of the

atmosphere at various altitudes showed me the bag with the burden would at first ascend to a height of about five thousand six hundred feet, where there would be an exact counterbalance of the weight of air displaced and the weight of the apparatus and its burden. Then it would slowly descend as the gas escaped from the bag. It was, of course, desirable that it should at first ascend to a great altitude, as that would prevent its being seen by any one who might be astir. It was quite as desirable that the whole machine should remain in the air at least six hours, that it might be carried a proper distance away. At the same time, it must drop its burden before daylight—before any one could see it and perchance understand its dread significance.

It was highly important, too, from my view-point, that the body should be found sooner or later, and be unmistakably identified; otherwise Irene might take it into her pretty head to do the romantic by waiting year after year for the possible reappearance in life of her absent lover, which would be decidedly unpleasant for me. Hence I did not dare to arrange to send the apparatus out to sea, as I might easily have done. For the same reason I replaced in the pocket of Sylvester's pajamas the locket with Irene's miniature in it which had fallen from it.

It was absolutely necessary that the apparatus and its burden should not be found together, for in that case it would be easy to trace the two to a common source,—to wit, my laboratory,—thus defeating the purpose in view. To obviate this danger I had made careful experiments in the effect of various acids upon fibers, and was able accurately to determine the time in which a given quantity of diluted vitriolic acid would eat away a cord of given strength so that it would part under the strain of a weight of one hundred and fifty-six pounds. By this means I made sure that the apparatus and its burden should be separated before daylight, the latter to fall to earth, and the former, relieved of its incubus, to ascend to the skies and fly perhaps a thousand miles before coming down.

Such a cord, twisted with acid and timed to sustain the load just six hours, I tied about the waist of Sylvester and made fast to the netting underneath the gas-bag.

The moment had come. Carefully I looked all about from the roof to see that no one was watching my operations, and noted with satisfaction that the night was extremely dark and in all respects favorable to my purpose.

At quarter past eleven o'clock, Sunday evening, October 18, I took Sylvester's living right hand in mine and pressed it with a farewell greeting. Then with three rapid slashes of my knife I cut the guy-ropes and my little balloon, with the body of my rival dangling beneath it, darted upward and northward into the gale.

Your affectionate brother,

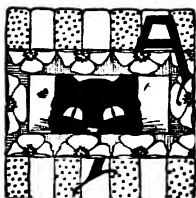
EDWIN STONE.

Such was the secret of Sylvester Baldwin's death. Was it to be expected that anything less than the diabolical craft and ingenuity that brought it to pass should penetrate its mystery?



Bumblepuppy on the Range.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.



FEELING of desperation pervaded the home ranch of the Three X outfit in South Dakota. Although it was the time of the gathering of the hands for the beef round-up, which was regarded as a mere pleasure excursion up and down the Belle Fourche in the cool days of September, the usually festal occasion seemed to be darkened by the shadow of a great grief. The boys were depressed. They sulked at meal times. They did not tell stories at night. It wasn't because they were underpaid, although this was undoubtedly true. The reason, as Shorty Garr expressed it, was that they were "locoed by the Britisher."

Mr. Horace Peddie, Q. C., the managing director of the Scotch syndicate which owned the Three X, was making his first inspection of the property. Mr. Peddie had examined the company's lands in South Africa, and intended to make a clean job of it by looking over the American ranch also. His coming had been awaited by his hosts with much anticipatory pleasure, but his actual arrival had been followed by bewilderment and a stinging sense of defeat, and John Heffren, Shorty Garr, and the book-keeper talked it over one evening while they smoked their pipes on the cook-house steps.

"As the old man said," remarked Mr. Heffren, "before this Peddie hit the ranch; 'Tain't no harm,' says he, 'to make him think he's struck a hot crowd. His letters is full of yarns and advice from South Africa, and I'm sick of 'em. Bring around your buckin' bronks,' says the old man, 'and pack your guns and we'll make him think this 'ere western country,' says he, 'is a darned sight wilder than any South Africa on the map. Make it warm for him,' says he, 'and he'll say we sure ought to be paid big for livin' in such a tough place.' And, I put it to you, Tompkins, ain't we done our best?"

The bookkeeper nodded.

"Best?" inquired Garr, disconsolately; "I'll bet we have. The first turn out of the box was when I caught up Hot Biscuit for this e-squire to ride down to the hay camp. Now, Biscuit ain't what you'd call *bad*, you know,—just loony. So I leads the pony around to the office, and there was Peddie dressed up in tight white pants and shiny boots, like he was going to walk the slack wire. He spots me looking at his rig, and he says: 'This is the way we ride in Pretory.' I don't know anything about Pretory, but men have been shot for less in the Bad Lands. So he gets on the horse and puts his toes in the stirrups and leans over Biscuit's neck, like he had a pain in his inside. Biscuit, she slides down a mud bank and turns head over heels, not knowin' what to make of the heft on her shoulders. 'My word!' says Peddie, wiping the gumbo out of his eyes, 'do you ride those brutes every day?' 'Sure,' I says, thinking to get a raise of pay without showing cards. 'By Jove!' he says. 'It's lucky that wasn't a South African pony. When horses over there throw a man they try to eat him up!' I went behind the corral, and I says to myself —"

"Never mind what you said," interrupted the bookkeeper judiciously. "Why didn't you make a play with a forty-five?"

"Listen to me," said Heffren. "I was lopin' down the creek with this English feller day before yesterday. I'd heard the boys claim nobody could get a start out of him, and I thinks, 'John, you are the man for this job, even if you have to make him smell powder.' We came along through Sandy Bottom, him and me, where the box elders is thick and the trail narrer. All of a sudden I begin to look fierce, and cuss, and spy into the underbrush like I see somethin' bad. Then I pulls the gun, and pumps six shells at the trees, swearin' and tearin' and leatherin' my horse. We ran our ponies up on to the rise, and then he said: 'Let's go back and skin 'em.' 'Skin who?' says I. 'Those rabbits,' said he. 'Rabbits!' says I. 'Them' was the Powder River gang, and they're on the kill.' 'Well,' says he, 'let's go back and skin *them*. They do that sort of thing most every day in South Africa.' And I couldn't say a dum word."

Garr resumed the mournful tale. "We gave him a meal," said

Shorty, "over to the horse camp. Raw onions and bacon sliced lengthwise — all fat. He said that was the kind of grub they saved for sick hands in the Welt or some such place. Now, I ask you, Tompkins, how can we turn the hair of a Comanche like him?"

"Poker," said the bookkeeper.

"He says," Heffren replied, with a hopeless air of weariness, "that the only cards he ever plays is whist, and at home he has follered that game every night for twenty years."

"Oh, that kind, is he?" said Tompkins, meditatively. "Well, we'll give him a whirl."

It happened that Mr. Peddie was decidedly "that kind." Whist was his religion, Cavendish his Bible, and his club knew no more constant devotee of the silent game.

That night four men sat about a card table in the office — Mr. Peddie, Q. C., John Heffren, Tompkins, and Joe Robinson, the foreman. A pair of gaudily painted lamps illumined the cozy room; pipes and cigars were in full blast, and a bottle and glasses were placed in hospitable proximity to the players. Everything foreshadowed an enjoyable evening, but the deliberate solemnity of the Americans would betray to any one but a stranger the existence of a momentous plot.

"Who'd expect," said the Englishman, "to have a quiet rubber on a cattle ranch? By Jove! it's luxurious, it's effeminate. In South Africa the wild devils are not beyond checkers."

"Fifty-three," announced Tompkins, thumping down the last of a pack of cards. "All set. Heffren, it's you and I against 'em."

Mr. Peddie lifted his eyebrows in incredulous inquiry.

"Fifty-three?" said he. "Is that right — for whist?"

"Certainly," Tompkins replied, without blushing. "Fifty-two and the joker. It's your deal, Mr. Peddie."

"What are we playing for?" growled Robinson. "The same old thing?"

"Sure," said Heffren, laying a revolver on the table. "What did you suppose — soap?"

"Well, I wanted to know beforehand," Robinson replied,

sticking an unsheathed bowie in his belt, "so's I wouldn't be caught afoot when the cattle is running."

These manifestations did not escape the Londoner, and he looked furtively at his partner. Tompkins was critically inspecting the edge of an axe, which he finally laid on the floor under his chair, and the deal was hastily finished.

"Look here, you know," said Mr. Peddie, "there's a card left over."

"That's the trump," said Robinson. "Where did you learn this game?"

Mr. Peddie gasped and Tompkins led the king of diamonds. The foreman promptly played a spade.

"No diamonds, partner?" asked Peddie, in the most silky and approved across-the-table voice.

"Yes," Robinson answered in apparent surprise, "a few."

"But you didn't play one, you know."

"Well," interposed Tompkins, contemplating the handle of his axe, "it's his own hand. Let him play it."

"Perhaps you don't understand the great American improvements in this game," said Robinson politely. "You see you don't have to follow suit unless you want to."

"And all ties go to the Kitty," volunteered Heffren, slapping down the joker and pulling in a trick.

"It makes a pretty game," Robinson added. "You'll like it."

Like it! The unhappy club man could not have been tortured more effectively by the rack of the Inquisition. He was like a devoted monk, forced to be present at the desecration of a cathedral by a horde of barbarians. The politeness of a guest, backed by the impressive exhibition of weapons, stifled his protests, but the Chancellor of England could not have felt so outraged if he had been tied to his wool sack and compelled to witness a game of tag in the House of Lords. It was not even bumblepuppy. It was like a game from "Alice in Wonderland." When Robinson claimed that "Big Casino" outranked the ace, Mr. Peddie writhed in silent anguish. When Heffren, at the end of a hand, proceeded to add the points on the cards "to see who had game," Mr. Peddie's horrified eyes blinked rapidly with emotion. But when Tompkins told him that it was the leader's

privilege to play two cards at once in order to guard against emergencies, Mr. Peddie staggered to his feet and gesticulated violently.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I have been in rough places before. I have been in the hardest land and among the hardest people in the world. I refer to South Africa." Heffren groaned. "But," continued Peddie, "never have I seen such barbarities as I have witnessed to-night, and, by the Lord Harry, I hope I never will again! Men who do such things will do anything, by George! This country may be all right to make money in, but it's not fit to live in. Mr. Robinson, by Jove, sir! you'll find my bag packed in the morning."

Far into the night the conspirators celebrated the sagacity of the bookkeeper. "Good enough to play whist with Peddie" is now the highest compliment which can be paid a card-player at the Three X.



The Transformation of Mrs. Dwight's Son-in-law.

BY LOUISE S. TODD.



HE window was open a little at the bottom and the warm spring breeze blew fitfully in upon the occupant of the low rocking chair.

It was one of those late April days when the buds show in tiny green spots on the blackened tree branches, when the grass begins to look fresh despite the brown patches which occur at intervals as though to prove that the brightness is only premature after all, and that summer is still far away.

One of those days when the warm air steals into one's veins and stirs all the youthfulness there, even that left in decrepit old age, filling one with something of former fervor and a desire to accomplish seemingly impossible ends; when the middle-aged fancy themselves young once more and start forward gaily to do battle with the world, with a reflection of youth's vigor, only to discover that middle age, after all, holds them in chains and refuses to release them from bondage.

Something of these feelings without the inevitable conclusion of despair—for as yet she had not put her youthful powers to the test—vibrated through Mrs. Dwight as she swayed to and fro in the low chair by the open window. Her lap was occupied by a pile of men's socks, one of which she held in her hand while her eyes busied themselves in watching the precision with which her fingers wove the thread through and through until the hole was filled with a beautiful, intact piece of embroidery. But her thoughts, impelled by the stirring of youth within her, had strayed to the past, not the far-off past—she never thought of that—but to the past which was the reason of her sitting there darning leisurely at a pile of men's socks.

Directly opposite Mrs. Dwight, on a low table, and where, if she raised her eyes for a moment, she could surely see it, stood a

large photograph in a silver frame with doors. The doors stood open. The portrait was one reason; the other was the owner of the socks.

The picture was that of a girl perhaps seventeen, with a purely oval face, framed in fair, wavy hair; with great dark eyes which looked at the gazer with a certain wistfulness almost pathetic, were it not contradicted by a sweet, tender mouth which seemed about to smile and which suggested a dimple in hiding at the corner. A very fair reason, this one; and she had been Mrs. Dwight's daughter.

It had all happened ten years before, and the bright, beautiful story had ended as suddenly as it began. Ah, that beginning! — with lovely, enchanting, spell-weaving Venice for a setting, Venice in spring — how soon to be shadowed by gloomy, cold, dark New York — New York submerged in a rainy winter. And that was all, but the exquisite happiness of a young life lay between.

Mrs. Dwight and her daughter had been traveling for nearly five years, finding that their scanty income was more satisfactorily utilized that way than in trying to live at home. There, in that Venetian spring, Mrs. Dwight had encountered a man from home, a man she had met many years before during her husband's lifetime, who remembered her, and with our usual American affinity became her cavalier forthwith. She had liked him; if she had not, she would quickly have snubbed him in her quiet, ladylike way. As it was, she permitted him to come and see them frequently and make a third to their party on their little jaunts. She never thought of him in any light save that of a kind compatriot, a man of her own age, who had been successful in his business and was using some of the results of that success to see the world. The awakening came when he asked her to give him her daughter — her Virginia.

"I do not ask you to give her up," he had said in his pleasant way, when he saw the quick pallor in her face. "I only ask you to take me in, to let me be your son-in-law." And then he had smiled a little at the absurdity of it—he, who had traveled life's path a year farther than she, asking to be regarded as her son-in-law.

She had accepted him as such when she found that Virginia had

given her heart to him with all the intense fervor of a child whose circle of loved ones has been limited. Virginia's mother sometimes wondered even yet if it had been more than a child's affection, if it was what the man demanded.

Then came a blissful two months of travel, when Mrs. Dwight found how pleasant it is to have some one to look after you and take charge of everything, for Mr. Winthrop had accompanied them and insisted upon being their courier. In the fall they had come home, and Mr. Winthrop had urged an early marriage, to which the mother could find no reasonable objection.

"My house is lonely," he had said to her. "I want my wife very much"; and then he had smiled so wistfully at her that she was forced to give way, inasmuch as she was to benefit by the change, too, and have a home once more; so the wedding was fixed for January.

But in December, hardly a month before the wedding, Virginia Dwight died. Oh, the bitterness of it all! They had been obliged to take her away from the apartment where they had secured rooms; in spite of Mr. Winthrop's urgency, Mrs. Dwight would not take Virginia to his house, and there had remained only the hospital.

After Virginia's death, Mr. Winthrop had come to her again, and she was too weak then to combat his arguments; so when he said he was as lonely as she, and that together they must learn to bear their sorrow, she agreed to come and take charge of his house. If she had not been so overcome by her grief she might have stopped to ask what the world would think, but she did not care about it then, and to her surprise, had she been capable of any such feeling, this was one time when the world said nothing. It seemed the natural thing to do; she had assumed in their eyes the position of Mr. Winthrop's mother. But on her arrival in Mr. Winthrop's house she covered her soft, dark hair with a little lace cap.

She was thinking over some of this past while the warm spring air blew in upon her, and her busy fingers continued to weave the threads into the hole in the work in her hands, when from the hallway came the sound of approaching footsteps and the rustle of silken garments. She put her work into the basket and the

basket under the table near her; then she stood up to greet her visitor. The rustle came through the door and filled the room as a tall woman swept gracefully forward, clad in all the attractive beauty of a new spring costume.

"How do you, Mrs. Dwight?" she said in the sweetly penetrating tones cultivated by a society woman. "I knew you wouldn't mind my coming right up."

"I am very well, thank you," replied the other, quietly ignoring the last remark. "How pretty you are looking," she added after a moment, but she spoke as though it were an admission she would rather not feel justified in making.

The younger woman, who was perhaps twenty-five or six, flushed a little and looked over her shoulder towards the door.

"Thank you," she said.

Mrs. Dwight knew her better than any other woman in New York, perhaps, for Marion Maybrook had made a point of calling on her very soon after Mr. Winthrop had taken up society again. Even now he did not go out so much as before Virginia had come into his life, yet he was in great demand, for he was still in his prime. A man is never more eligible than when he is in his early forties and has made a tolerable fortune; besides, Mr. Winthrop had such pleasant, deferential ways with women that they all liked him. Virginia's mother did not "go out," but she had returned Miss Maybrook's call, and Marion had taken that for an evidence of her liking, and come frequently ever since. Mrs. Dwight could not have told whether she liked Marion or not; she rather fancied not, since she had heard the rumor that "Marion Maybrook had the inside track with Clarence Winthrop." She had credited this feeling of resentment to a natural protest against any one's taking Virginia's place, and if the younger woman ever noticed any coolness in her manner, she never showed it, but came as often and was just as agreeable.

This afternoon she rattled on in her usual go-aheaditive way, talking of everything that was going on in the outside world, giving little bits of gossip, but through it all hovering around herself as a topic of conversation, as though there were something pleasant to be told concerning her. Marion had a bright way of telling things, which seemed to suit the key she used to talk in, and Mrs.

Dwight, listening with a quiet, interested smile, found her very entertaining, and wondered if others did, too, if men did. There was a restlessness apparent in Marion's manner which was puzzling, and several times she saw her eyes wander to the picture of Virginia, with what she fancied was a pitying curiosity.

Finally she spoke of the house, of its old-fashioned beauty, of the harmony of its decorations, the exquisiteness of the wood carving, and as she talked her eyes were fixed with something like pity on the older woman, whose cheeks flushed — the call seemed to drag endlessly. Marion stayed only an hour, but it seemed three or four before she stood up nervously and said with a quick, indrawn breath : —

"Won't you call me Marion just once, and kiss me as my own mother might?" She had put her hands on Mrs. Dwight's shoulders — she was a little the taller of the two — and she looked down at her with the same pitying look ; then she stooped suddenly and kissed her cheek with a passionate eagerness. Her own mother was dead, and she lived alone with her father. When she stood up again there were bright tears in her eyes, but her mouth was stern.

"Hasn't Clarence Winthrop told you of the intended change in his life?" she asked ; then seeing the bewildered look in her companion's face, she stooped again as though to kiss her. Mrs. Dwight drew back coldly.

"Mr. Winthrop tells me whatever it is necessary for me to know," she said icily. "You are going now? Good afternoon, Miss Maybrook."

"Yes, I must go ; I have an engagement," Marion said hurriedly, a faint flush creeping up her cheek. "Good-by, Mrs. Dwight," and with another look at Virginia's picture she left the room.

Mrs. Dwight stood quite still until she heard the door close behind Marion in the lower hall, then she threw open all the windows, letting in the fresh spring air. It had grown a little cooler and the air had lost its tinge of warmth. She took up Virginia's picture, and leaning close to the open window looked into the dear eyes long and lovingly. The air blew coolingly on the pictured face as well as the living one. The loving scru-

tiny had lasted several minutes, when she put the photograph back on the table and shut the doors with a quick, passionate gesture.

There was a mirror above the fireplace, and she walked over to it, looking at herself with a frown.

"I am not old," she said to herself at last. "I feel too young; I will not be old."

The white lace caught the light and gleamed snowily. It was the work of an instant to take it off and pull the soft, wavy hair underneath into something like order.

"I am younger now," she whispered half aloud. "It was not merely the spring atmosphere; it was really there all the time, inside me, and this hideous cap made me forget it. Virginia," she added, "I know you will forgive me that your mother must reassert her age here in this house where she came as your husband's mother; but there is another woman now, and I am going to be alone again." Perhaps there was also a thought to which she did not give utterance, but which flushed her cheeks and made her turn away from the mirror; at least she was standing between two of the windows a few moments later when a man came in, and the draught was fanning the loosened hair against her heated cheeks, while the late rays of the afternoon sun shone caressingly on her head.

"Marion has been here, she tells me," the man said, yawning lazily as he came towards her. He was good-looking, though his hair was beginning to turn gray on the temples, and his moustache and beard were tinged in the same way. He was one of the many who make true the affirmation that New York is noted for its fine-looking middle-aged men.

The flush still remained on Mrs. Dwight's cheek, and she felt it burn deeper at this confirmation of her thought concerning Marion's engagement.

"Yes, Marion has been here," she said. Something in her tone made him look at her more sharply, and he saw her flushed cheeks, her tossed hair, and her little cap crushed in her hand.

"What has Marion been saying to you?" he asked, half smiling.

Mrs. Dwight steadied her voice with difficulty. "She tells me you intend making some change in your method of living."

Mr. Winthrop frowned angrily and muttered something under his breath before he answered.

"I do expect to," he said.

"Pray do not hesitate about telling me, Clarence," she returned, trying to control herself. "I still have something to live on, you know, and can leave you at any time when you find your — other arrangements. I can go in a moment, you know."

"But I don't see why it is necessary for you to leave me at all. Everything can go on just as it does now with, of course, this difference —"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Dwight interrupted. "I should not stay to be an encumbrance."

"I don't mean you to stay. I want to ask you to go —"

"I have said I would go, have I not?" she interrupted again.

Mr. Winthrop looked at her in amazement. She who was usually so calm and serene, who waited until he had said what he had to say and then discussed it with him quietly, she now interrupted him, speaking quickly and with evident excitement.

In his astonishment he looked around the room curiously, as though to discover the cause of the change. He saw the windows were wide open, he noted the work-basket, upset, as she hurried through the room to open the windows, the balls of cotton and a white china egg or two tumbling unheeded on the floor. Then his gaze came back to the figure before him. The serenity had depended on the little lace cap, perhaps, and she had thrown them both aside together. He wondered vaguely if she had thrown the former away forever, or if she had crushed it for the time as she had the flimsy bit of lace in her hand.

"Did Marion tell you what the change actually was?" he asked at last, watching her intently. She shook her head. "Then I must tell you myself," he continued. "We have been having trouble with our Chicago agent, and it has become necessary for one of the firm to go out there and look after affairs in person. As I am the least tied down here, the lot has fallen to me. That is what I am going to do."

Mrs. Dwight drew a sigh of relief. Until now she had not realized what it meant to her had he told her what she expected. He heard the sigh.

"What did you think Marion meant?" he asked.

She did not answer, but she drooped her head until her eyes were fastened on the carpet.

"Won't you tell me what you thought, — Gertrude?" He tried to call her "m'Aimée," Virginia's pet name for her and one which he had always used; but that seemed not to belong to the woman who stood before him now. It seemed to have been cast away with her serenity and her cap.

Mrs. Dwight tried to raise her head, tried to look at him, and speak with her old placid calm, but his gentle "Gertrude" disarmed her, and she only could murmur almost incoherently: —

"I thought — she meant — you were going — to be — married." Her voice trailed off in an inaudible whisper.

Mr. Winthrop heard, however, and his face grew deadly pale as he walked over to the window and stood looking out. The air which blew in was much colder now, and he shivered a little; perhaps that was the reason of his putting out his hand to steady himself. It touched the silver frame on the table and lingered there, the fingers closing over it. Then he seemed to feel it and look down. He saw the doors were closed.

Virginia's mother had raised her head, but her eyes were still downcast when Mr. Winthrop spoke to her. "I am going to be married," he said, "if the woman I want will have me."

She raised her eyes and looked at him half startled. "I think she will," she said in a low voice.

"I do not know," he said in the same way. "Will you?"

"I!" — Her voice broke. "I thought you cared for Marion; I am sure she does for you."

"No," he said. "I know she cares for you, and I asked her to come here often, as I thought she would entertain you. I find her interesting, don't you? But I don't want Marion, I want you, Gertrude. Will you go out to Chicago with me as my wife?"

"I would, yes," she said frankly, her serene, loving eyes fixed on his; "but for Virginia —"

The man's fingers loosed their hold on the silver frame.

"Virginia belongs to the past, Gertrude, such a sweet, beautiful past. You and I have our future before us, and though the life we have lived here has suited these last ten years and New

York, it will not do for the rest of our lives and Chicago. I cannot live without you, Gertrude, and from now I shall love Virginia as my daughter, since she was yours."

I cannot live without you! That has overcome many arguments, and she had not many to overcome. She was so alone with only the picture of Virginia, and he needed her even as she needed him. But before he came around the table to her, they opened the doors of the silver frame.

The windows were closed when Marion Maybrook came back a half hour later, and Mrs. Dwight was sitting alone in the low rocking chair mending another hole. This mending had been the happiest thing in the past, the one thing she had done exclusively for him, and it belonged to her future, too. The nervousness was still apparent in Marion's manner when she came in, but she forgot it in a little outburst of pleasure.

"How pretty your hair is!" she said. "And you have covered it all these years." Then she knelt down beside the older woman, after a quick glance at the picture on the table, and spoke hurriedly. "I came to tell you something this afternoon, and then my courage gave out. I am engaged to be married. Don't you remember my telling you about Jack Glenshawe? You know it began in Venice, and I hated somehow to tell you because your daughter — Dear Mrs. Dwight, I have no one to be glad with me." Marion's head with its pretty new spring hat was pressed against her companion's shoulder.

The older woman dropped her mending and patted the younger's shoulder tenderly; there were tears in her eyes and in her voice, as well as a great love and pity in her heart for the girl at her side. She did not hesitate about her emotion now.

"My dear," she said very tenderly, "it would only have made you nearer and dearer to me. It would have seemed as though you were taking Virginia's place. Oh, my dear!" Marion had thrown her arms around Mrs. Dwight's neck and was kissing her passionately.

"Every one has been so nice about it," she whispered. "But no one has looked at me as you have done." In a moment or two she stood up and looked again at the picture on the table. "May I?" she said; but without waiting for a reply she had kissed the pic-

tered, smiling lips. "I think I should have loved her," she explained, "but I never dared to speak of her to you."

As she put the picture back on the table, Mr. Winthrop came in.

"Have you told Marion?" he asked. Then as Mrs. Dwight shook her head, flushing a little, he added, "Marion, will you come to a quiet wedding to-morrow noon at St. Mary's? You may not see us again, as we are going south for a few days and then to Chicago. By the way, how did you know I was going out there?"

Marion smiled a little and the color came up into her cheeks. "Jack told me," she said. "He heard it out there."

"Oh! Jack is here, too, isn't he? I forgot I saw you with him a few hours ago. Perhaps you had better bring him with you to-morrow."

Marion kissed Mrs. Dwight very tenderly as she said good-by, adding, "I shall see you some day in Chicago."

But before she left the house she came back and called from the doorway, with happy tears sounding through her ringing tones:—

"I am so glad about you two dear people. I always knew you were intended for each other, and was so afraid you would never find it out."

She saw they were standing in the light from the western window, and that Clarence Winthrop's arm lay across Mrs. Dwight's shoulders; but neither she nor they noticed that the wistfully smiling picture of Virginia had fallen face downwards on the table.



The Man from Alaska.

BY LOUIS WESLYN JONES.



POOR little Monsieur François! He leaned against the short counter in the front part of his little restaurant and allowed his tearful gaze to wander out into the street over the boiled crabs, juicy beefsteak, and wine bottles which adorned his show window. One thing was certain, he thought to himself — that, if he would continue as proprietor of the “Louis d’Or French Eating House,” assuredly something must be done immediately towards improving business. But what could he do without capital with which to back his operations? Mechanically he opened the cash drawer and peeped in. What he saw couldn’t have offered much encouragement, for he closed it quickly, and, with a deep sigh, once more gazed out into the street. After all, he thought, what was the use of longer continuing the everlasting struggle for success? Here he was, with the same little restaurant, in the same little side street, offering to the public the same excellent cooking as when he first started in business fifteen years before — and yet how different was everything now! Many other restaurants had sprung up in the neighborhood, and, alas! there wasn’t enough trade to go round.

“*Supristi!* San Francisco is filled with eating houses,” groaned the little Frenchman, “and so many poor, cheap affairs, too! My old customers have deserted me. What care Americans for good cooking? The American atmosphere affects even my own countrymen, who also pass me by. Bah! they think me old-fashioned; they believe me not *fin de siècle*. Had I but a thousand dollars what couldn’t I do? I would make the “Louis d’Or” so attractive that none could resist it. But alas! I’ve nothing — nothing. Unless trade improves I must surely close up in another week. I fear that I must ask Pierre and Jean to wait a few more

days for their wages — poor, honest fellows, they are the only ones that have stuck by me.” And mine host had hard work to keep back those glistening, rebellious tears.

Just then a cab was driven up alongside the curbstone directly in front of the restaurant.

“Surely it won’t stop here,” thought François.

But it did stop there; and a big giant of a fellow clambered out of it with a great deal of unnecessary noise, and, handing the driver a five-dollar gold piece, dismissed him and his vehicle. Then the big man, who was dressed in a rough but well-fitting suit of brown Scotch cloth, opened the door of the “Louis d’Or” and stepped inside. He drew a large gold watch from his pocket and noted the time as he inquired in a stentorian voice that admirably suited the rest of his general make-up, “Five o’clock — am I too early for *dinner à la carte*?”

François answered no — that, although Monsieur was the first guest of the evening, his dinner should certainly not be delayed, nor in any way inferior, on that account.

“Good!” shouted the big man, seating himself at the large table in the middle of the room. “If you’re ready, why then, by George! I am, too. Bring on your menu.”

Pierre at once appeared with the bill of fare. Faithful Pierre! — he was the only waiter left now. But then, as François had argued, such a modest little restaurant with such a very slender patronage didn’t require more than one waiter.

The big stranger’s large blue eyes swept the cardboard at a glance. Then he stroked his luxurious brown beard and bellowed enthusiastically: “Who says there’s another such place in all ’Frisco as the ‘Louis d’Or’? Damn your bespangled and be-mirrored cafés, say I! Give me good eating in a tiny shop like this, where you pay your honest money for honest cooking and honest wines, and not for a lot of devilish clap-trap rubbish!”

François’s face showed uncertainty. Was this big chap drunk, or fooling, or really sincere? The guest seemed to read his host’s thoughts, for he added immediately: —

“Oh, I mean just what I say! I’m not one of your confounded joshers, and I’m not under the influence, either. To tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I’ve had nothing to eat and nothing

to drink for twenty-six hours. Oh, I've been preparing for this feast, I can tell you!"

François's face showed worryment. Could the big chap pay for his dinner? Had he any money, that he had starved so long? Again were his thoughts apparently read by the first guest of the evening, who went on to say: "Don't you be afraid for an instant that I'm unable to settle my bill. Why, dang it all, man! I'll not only pay, but I'll pay better than you were ever paid in your life before!" And he whacked a bulging leathern wallet down on the table with such force that the water-bottle was almost upset. "And now, waiter," he continued, "bring on the soup."

"What kind of soup, sir?" asked the interested Pierre.

"All kinds," replied the big man.

"Very well, sir"; and Pierre went about his duty with a puzzled expression on his brow, while Monsieur François pinched his leg under the counter to make sure of his wakefulness.

While Pierre was gone, the stranger improved the time by carefully studying the bill of fare, and marking with a blue pencil the dishes that especially appealed to him. When the waiter returned he brought with him an immense tray containing six dishes of soup of various kinds, which he proceeded to arrange in a semicircle on the table before the big man.

"Ah!" exclaimed the latter gentleman, "this is what I call bully!" And he sampled each soup in turn, beginning at the right-hand side and taking them in rotation. "Now, when they are ready, bring on the fish."

"What kind of fish, sir?"

"All kinds."

Pierre's eyes sought his master's, but he could gain no additional intelligence from the stupid look on François's countenance.

"Very well, sir," mechanically said Pierre, and started off.

"And the wine, too," called the guest.

"What kind, sir?" Pierre stopped to inquire from the doorway.

"All kinds," was the hearty reply; and Pierre disappeared with a reverential bow.

The stout gentleman appeared to be delighted with the soups, and was not at all backward in expressing his satisfaction.

"This *consommé* is grand!" he declared, nodding approvingly at François, "and so are these other three, but when it comes to downright epicurean excellence, I'm thinking, by George! that it's a stand-off between the tomato-bisque and the mock-turtle."

And he fell to with renewed vigor, and did justice to each one of the six.

Then Pierre reappeared with his immense tray, loaded down with boiled salmon, fried flounder, broiled boned smelts, and other palate ticklers from the sea, which soon were being devoured by the hungry guest with many manifestations of pleasure.

"Don't forget the wines," he managed to say between mouthfuls, as the waiter vanished with the empty soup dishes.

The wines were soon at hand — pint bottles of fine old claret, Burgundy and Riesling, and the big man finished them all, together with most of the fish, while François and Pierre looked on with growing interest and wonder.

"And now," cried the banqueter, with undaunted enthusiasm, "let's have everything that I've marked with the blue pencil," and he tossed the cardboard to the waiter. "And, by the way, have you any extra dry champagne? Well, bring me a half-dozen bottles — the finest you have."

There's no use going further into details regarding that dinner. Let it be sufficient to say that no one human being, before or since, ever consumed a greater amount of food and drink at one sitting than did that lone guest at the "Louis d'Or." To remark that François and Pierre were amazed is to say too little — they were appalled, paralyzed, for in all their experience they had seen nothing like it. François made up his mind that, at all events, the big chap must and should be humored; Pierre couldn't even make up his mind — it was beyond him.

While the stranger was finishing his dessert, a few old customers dropped into the restaurant for their usual evening meal, and the waiter was compelled to divide his attention and services between them and the stout gentleman. When the newcomers observed the numerous empty dishes and wine bottles on the table in front of the lone banqueter, they all stopped to gaze in astonishment at such an unusual spectacle. Oblivious of all the excitement he was causing, that gentleman finished his black coffee and cognac

with a flourish, and then, rising noisily to his feet, announced in a loud voice that he was through.

"All except," he added with emphasis, "the toast. My friends, pardon me for interrupting you at the very beginning of your dinner, but I have three bottles of champagne left—the best, by the way, that ever warmed the heart—and I want you all to join me in drinking—the toast."

The newcomers all signified their willingness to partake of the wine at the expense of the liberal gentleman, and Pierre was ordered to fill all glasses.

"Yours also, mine host," called out the banqueter, with a low bow to François. "And yours, too, waiter."

And so both proprietor and servant joined the party with well-filled bumpers, in spite of François's protest that it was a very unusual proceeding.

"By George!" suddenly shouted the stout man, "I nearly forgot the cook. Oh, say, let's have the cook by all means."

And the wondering Jean was brought forth into the world from the mysteries of his kitchen amid general applause, and was given a large goblet of sparkling champagne.

"And now, my friends," continued the big man, his good-natured face all aglow, "allow me to explain the origin of the toast which we are about to drink. Just a year ago this month a poor, proud devil, who had failed in business, came here to 'Frisco without a penny in his pocket. For three long, dreary days he walked the streets of this town, seeking employment, without a bite of food to eat. On the evening of the third day he found a ten-cent piece in a gutter. He was so devilish hungry that he must have been a little out of his head, for, strange as it seems, he felt that nothing on earth would satisfy his outraged appetite but raw oysters. Oh, I know it sounds funny, but just wait till you are dying of that terrible sickness, starvation, and then see how it affects you—no two men alike, I swear. Well, gentlemen, this unhappy chap went from restaurant to restaurant in a dazed sort of way, trying to get ten cents' worth of oysters with salt and pepper, and lemon on 'em, but in every place he was laughed at, and sneered at, and was turned away, until he happened into a tiny French cook-shop in a little side street, where

they served him the few oysters as if he were buying a dozen, — with salt, and pepper, and lemon, too, by George! And in one of those oyster shells that starving man found a large pearl. He didn't realize what it was at first, and when a jeweler in Montgomery Street gave him three hundred dollars for it, the shock nearly killed him. The forlorn stranger's good luck dated from his visit to that little French eating-house. He met an old acquaintance that very night, who was bound for the Alaska gold fields, and the two of them made the trip together — and struck it rich! I was that starving man, gentlemen, and this was the restaurant where I got my oysters. And, gentlemen, since I arrived in San Francisco twenty-six hours ago, I've touched neither food nor drink, in order that I might banquet here this evening in a manner befitting the occasion. And I might add that even ordinarily I have the appetite of an ox. I've just finished the grandest feast ever set before man, gentlemen, and I've made out my own bill, which amounts to exactly two thousand and sixty dollars, with a hundred dollars each to waiter and cook as tips — and there's the cash!"

With this the big man laid a great roll of crisp bank bills on the table.

"Don't interrupt," he cried, as François tried hard to speak. "Every dollar of it is due you. And now, gentlemen, up with your glasses!" Every glass was held on high.

"Here's to the 'Louis d'Or' and its proprietor!" roared the big fellow. "May their success increase with each new day."

And every glass was drained.

"Ah, there's my cab now!" the banqueter exclaimed, and before any one could collect his scattered wits, the man from Alaska was out of the door, which, however, was opened immediately while the big, brown head was thrust inside.

"Oh, I say, gentlemen," called out the departing guest, "there are some of my cards," and he tossed a bunch of business pasteboards into the room. "I'm to be married at the Occidental Hotel next Wednesday morning, and I want all of you to come. If you don't," and he winked threateningly at François, "why, damn it all, I'll come back and eat you out of house and home!"

Two Christmas Eves.

BY WILSON S. HENRY.



NUMBER 1, the overland express, had just roared past Granite in its western flight, and Number 17, the fast freight, was reported four hours late, so the agent had four hours of Christmas eve to himself. There was a glowing, soft-coal fire in the whitewashed stove in his snug little office, which threw out welcome heat. The light of a kerosene lamp was subdued by an ornate paper shade, upon which some Louis XV sort of people were doing a gay dance on a green lawn.

The agent at Granite was a tall, good-looking young fellow, with a smooth face that, just now, was so bright that it had to be shaded like the lamp, with a soft felt hat. Observant people who glanced at the Granite depot out of car windows as the train rushed past usually said: "What a dreary life!" or wittily asked each other how any one could exist in such a spot, "a thousand miles from nowhere." Now the fact is, that instead of being "a thousand miles from Nowhere," Granite was just six miles from Everywhere—the place at which all of us try to locate sometime or other.

The Everywhere of this poor devil of an agent was the ranch of one Thompson, and the girl who made it Everywhere was Thompson's daughter. She had made it Somewhere to him for a long time, and very gently, but surely, had it come to be Everywhere. They had taken many long rides and walks over the prairie, that gently undulated away from them with but little topographical interruption for hundreds of miles in every direction. His love for her had grown to accord with this vast expanse of landscape, until it filled all the vista, from the hills that narrowed into a cañon in the east, to the far, high mountains in the west. And so, because it was a great, vigorous, outdoor

love, he had found it hard to tell her of it by word of mouth, though he often felt that just a little word would do it all, so nearly did her thoughts seem to run with his, and so knowing were her dark eyes.

This Christmas eve he told her all about it on paper. With an absurd idea of doing justice to the thing, he filled both sides of ten sheets — the Railway Company's own private paper — and then, in despair, he had put it all into three lines. He finally compromised on two pages of what was really, from a literary standpoint, an admirable specimen of condensation. It was to be sent out with some Christmas gifts, brought out for him from Cheyenne by the obliging conductor of Number 3.

For Her mother there was a Scotch plaid shawl of florid design.

For Her father there was an elegantly bound morocco volume of five hundred gilt-edged leaves, entitled, "The Horse; His Diseases," with a spirited gilt horse, remarkably free from disease, cavorting upon the cover.

For Her there was a "hand-painted" satin Christmas card. It bore a winter scene that sparkled beautifully with imitation snow. Under it was a pretty verse, so warm with love that it would have melted anything more like snow than diamond dust. The packages were wrapped up and the letter duly addressed.

As he sat waiting for Thompson's man, Whittaker, who had promised to look in after finishing his business at Fleener's store, he gave freedom to his fancy, which threw love-lights ahead and showed him that golden future we all dream of, and which always cheats us by dribbling along, one poor little day at a time, instead of coming all at once, as we promise ourselves it will.

From the confused rattling of the telegraph key his ear suddenly caught the letters "Gn-Gn-Gn-"; his call. He took the following message: —

ROCK CREEK, IDAHO, Dec. 24.

P J. THOMPSON, GRANITE: —

East drift cut ore pipe below fault yesterday. Breast in solid horn silver. Assays forty-one to sixty-four hundred. Old Chute sure.

WARNER.

As he sent back the "O. K." Whittaker and Fleener came in. He arose excitedly with the message in his hand.

"Say," he said, "they've struck it in the old man's claim — found the old vein. Look here — four thousand dollars a ton; how's that for a little Christmas present?"

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Whittaker fervently; "well, I want to tell you right here that I never worked for a whiter man than old Thompson; must be hundreds and thousands there. Holy Smoke, what a strike!"

"More'n likely it'll pinch out 'fore they git in six foot," said Fleener.

"Yes; 'n more'n likely they got fifty million dollars there askin' to be shot down and histed out. He's a dead square man, too. I'll take that telegraph out in a hurry. You got some other stuff to go?" he queried of Andrews; "be quick with it."

"Why, yes; I — here — No, no — nothing else at all."

"Well, so long! I'll skin out with this; it'll paralyze him!"

"Prob'ly ain't nothin' but a blamed pocket," said Fleener. "'Tain't no trick to find good *prospects*. What's the matter, under the weather? Ain't feelin' well, eh? Guess I'll go over to th' store'n tell the boys about it."

For a moment Andrews stood still, trying to determine just what calamity had befallen him. He took the three packages and placed them on a table in his little bedroom off the office. He took the letter in both hands, as if to tear it across, but hesitated; then he put it away in the bedroom with the painted satin Christmas card. It was worthless now, like the currency of a conquered nation; but it had once been legal tender for a fortune of dreams.

A little later an operator in the Chief Dispatcher's office at Cheyenne said: "Granite must be getting a Christmas jag on; he broke four times, taking that order for seventeen."

Three days later at the station, Thompson said to Andrews: "Well, we're goin' to get out of this God-forsaken place at last, goin' to travel awhile, and then we'll settle in a civilized country where we can have first-class advantages. There's that daughter of mine has growed up here on the desert and never seen anything. I'm goin' to take her where she can see the proper sort of people and live right among 'em."

"I think she will lead a very happy life," said Andrews.

"Well, it won't be my fault if she don't. We got money now, and she can trot with the best of 'em."

.

There was much confusion around the depot the day the Thompsons left. All of Granite was there to see them off, and twenty people can make quite a stir. Martha was sprightly and vivacious, and her pretty, tanned face was rich in color.

"Good-by, Hugh," she said, and she clasped his hand tightly and tried to look into his eyes.

"Good-by, Martha," he said; "I hope you will —"

Whatever it was he hoped, he didn't say it distinctly; it seemed to be something commonplace enough, though. There was a last pressure from her warm little fingers, and she was in the car.

As the train started, she looked out at him with wistful eyes, but his gaze was centered upon an imaginary point a thousand miles or so beyond the farthest mountain peak. For this reason she secluded herself and cried for fifty miles.

.

All through the long days after they had gone he had ample time to think over his loss. While he really felt it to be irreparable, he still possessed that magnificent delusion Hope, which was always reiterating a lot of nonsense to him. In the hot summer days, when the sun blistered the little red wooden building and every green thing died under its heat, his love was only seasoned by it. And when winter came again and dressed the earth in swan's-down and snowy, spangled tights for its Christmas pantomime, the biting blasts only made his love more hardy.

His hope was really not impractical. It comprised simply: the sudden loss of P. J. Thompson's entire fortune through unwise speculation, complete failure of the mine in which he still retained an interest, and the immediate return of the family, in comparative poverty, to Granite. That would bring Her back — his own little Martha of the old days, with her plain dresses and pretty ways; her deep eyes, her soft brown hair, and her little hands that could hide so easily in his. He felt that if she should come back that way he could tell her of his love.

Then there would come days when those foolish hopes that lure lovers from reason would fail him, and he would grow low-

spirited and morose. At such times Fleener would come across the track from the store and cheer him up.

"'Tain't money as makes people easy in this here world," he would remark sententiously. "I know folks with thousands of dollars, et ain't reely any better off'n I be." Mr. Fleener's time was chiefly occupied in sitting in front of his store and meditating cynically. Mrs. Fleener boarded the section-men.

"Now jest take that Thompson girl, fer egssample," he said one day; "she'll prob'ly git married to a damned prince er a dook, er some of that riffraff, that's what American girls with money does these times, 'n they git led a dog's life, too; the titles, 'n glory, 'n striped uniforms, 'n hemlets is what ketches 'em every time. My wife's third cousin, Blivens by name, — Homer J. Blivens, — made a pile of money on a paten' right; then his girl up 'n married a furrin' nobleman right away. They'r livin' in a kind of stone palace in Injia, with whole passels of people to wait on 'em, 'n wearin' special clothes fer it."

There was no good reason to doubt the truth of this narrative except the fact that Mr. Fleener was a notorious liar.

Toward the end of the second year after the Thompsons' departure Mr. Fleener sauntered into the office one day.

"Ain't heard the news yit, eh?" he asked Andrews. "Well, Moss Brothers down to Hailey has got a kontrak to put up a house fer Thompson, out on the ranch, an' they're comin' back here to live. Mebbe we'll board some of the workers."

"What's that? When are they coming — soon?"

"Oh, I d'no; sometime, I guess. They'll prob'ly have a big one, with blines and coop'los and marble chimleys onto it; 'n they'll most likely have gorgeous furnishins inside — cookoo clocks, 'n music boxes, 'n bristles carpets. Some 'a them carpets 's got bristles that long," he added, indicating about eighteen inches.

It was the second Christmas Eve. Number 1 seemed to wheeze and grumble to itself at having to stop at a place like Granite long enough to let three people off. But there they were on the platform, and Andrews welcomed them.

"Whittaker won't be along 'til about nine," he said; "it's a bad night for the horses, and the train was an hour late at three."

"Mother has a bad headache; may she lie down in your room until John comes?" It was Martha. Her hand was white now, but as firm of clasp as ever. Her face was paler, but her eyes were the same. The most striking change was in her waist. Its lines had been emphasized by a cunning artificer in dress, and some latent curves had been developed. She said she was glad to see him again, and went to rub her mother's head with camphor.

"You haven't got an extry pipe, have you, Andrews?" Thompson asked. He was quickly supplied with one, which he filled and smoked eagerly. "That's real smoke," he said; "and you can't get it out of cigars, either. Well, I'm glad to get back to God's country again; back where you can see a hundred miles, and get all the clean air you want to breathe, and don't have to dodge shiny carriages. No more travel for me, my boy. Of course I couldn't get out of it at first — you know how the wimmen folks pester a man; but they'll be contented here, now. We been all over Chicago, and London, and It'ly, and Paree, as they call it. They're too small and crowded, and *slow*, too; they don't get to dinner 'til supper time, and then they bring you a little dab at a time — tabble dote that is. I didn't stand it long; I'd jest have 'em bring me a good porterhouse steak, *with plenty of fat on it*, and some fried potatoes, and a piece of pie. A man wants to see jest what he's got to eat, and not have a lot of fricaseed truck run in on him after he thinks he's down to cases. They don't know how to use money, either. Why, in Noo York they give you *pennies* in change; and when you get a bill changed, do you think they give you good hard silver dollars that you can feel? Not much! They lay out a lot of greasy one-dollar bills; I got fifteen or sixteen of the mis'able little things in my pockets this minute, and —"

"Hugh!" It was Martha's voice, calling him from the doorway. He had thought her pale at first; now two bright spots of color glowed on her cheeks, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. He stepped quickly into the little room. She closed the door and stood with her back against it, facing him with a look of accusation. He saw that her mother was asleep on his bed. She spoke in low but excited tones, and it seemed to him she was making an effort to keep from laughing — or crying, was it?

"Hugh, you're not a fit man to be in a position of trust. You've

been false to my best friend, and I'm going to do something about it — I think I ought to write to the Government."

She had held one hand behind her ; she put it forward now, and in it was that old letter he had written to her. "I was looking through your scrap-book and I found it — and I — I read it."

Through a glare of light he saw the two unfolded sheets. He made a quick step forward and grasped the hand that held them.

"It was that night two years ago, Martha, and just after I'd written it, the message came about the mine. I was afraid to send it then — it wouldn't have looked well, and your father said so much about your meeting the right sort of people."

"You were a coward, Hugh." There was scorn, and something else, in her glance that seemed to draw all the nerves in his body to the hand that grasped hers. "You didn't dare send it, and you forgot me in a little while, and I — I *wanted* that letter."

"No, no, Martha, I never forgot — never for a day nor an hour — I love you for always — Martha."

The old lady on the bed stirred uneasily, and opened her eyes. She closed them lazily again, though, as if she had expected something of the sort.

Thompson *père* opened the door and heard his daughter say : " *That's* American, isn't it ? "

"What's American ? " he demanded. Martha submitted to "that " again, for his general enlightenment.

He grasped Hugh's hand. "Young man, you're all right."

The words were not much, but men are creatures of the flesh, — most of them can say more in a hand-shake than in an oration.

The dispatcher on duty at Cheyenne that night said : "Must be a new man on at Gn. He's a bird on the key, I'll tell you."



Scientists' Views on Cigarettes.

The word "cigarette" was introduced into English in 1842 by L. S. Costello. According to the figures of Prof. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, a cigarette is composed of about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an ounce of tobacco wrapped in fine paper weighing $\frac{1}{16}$ of an ounce. The same expert is authority for the statement that the paper is pure and the tobacco wholly unadulterated.

"The tobacco used in the manufacture of cigarettes is much less frequently flavored and otherwise artificially treated than is ordinary chewing or smoking tobacco and that employed in the manufacture of cigars," says Prof. Willis G. Tucker, analyst of the New York State Board of Health, in his Ninth Annual Report.

"Never was a case stronger. The chemical purity of the cigarette is attested by the official chemist of the State Board of Health, and by an official analyst of seventeen years' experience in the Health Department of New York City, together with the chief chemist of the United States and the chemists of colleges and of other cities."—*The Mail and Express* (N. Y.).

"The fact that cigarettes do not cause insanity finds confirmation from such experts as the president of New York State Commission in Lunacy, a former State Commissioner in Lunacy, the superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, and a qualified examiner in lunacy in the Superior Court of the city of New York, together with a score of other experts all over the United States."

Deputy Coroner Edward J. Donlin, of New York City, says: "I have made thousands of autopsies and I do not recall a case when death could be directly charged to cigarette smoking."—*The Mail and Express* (N. Y.).

The superintendent of the Iowa Hospital for the Insane recently reported that after an examination of 28,081 cases of insanity he found only one in which the alleged cause was cigarette smoking. "That the cigarette is a cause of insanity is most positively denied," he adds. It is a curious fact that although "Death from Cigarettes" is a familiar headline in carelessly edited or sensational papers, the mortuary records of the Board of Health published in those same sheets never have been known to bear the words: "Cause — cigarettes."

Mr. Goschen, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, attributed the falling off in the use of "heavy wines" after dinner to the "circulation of the cigarette."

"The cigarette has but little strength, it can do you no harm," says Joseph Baker in his quaint little book, "Smoking and Smokers: an Antiquarian, Historical, Veritable, and Narcotical Disquisition." Joseph wrote before science had had a say, but Joseph was right, as recent papers read before the New York Medico-Legal Society prove.

In all the experiments made by chemists to test popular brands of American cigarettes, no trace of any adulterant has ever been found. If this does not demolish the "opium-arsenic" theory of adulterants in cigarettes, then the science of chemistry is valueless as a means of arriving at truth.

"The status of the cigarette is this: It is just tobacco and paper. It does not contain poison. It does not cause insanity. Science proves both these statements."—*The Illustrated American*.



There's New Life

for those who make a properly dressed Vegetable Salad a part of their daily diet.

But, just as some people are "covered but not clothed," so most salads are "messed but not dressed."

Durkee's Salad Dressing

is, by reason of its purity, palatableness, and combination, *perfect salad dressing.*

"How to Make Salads and Dress Them" is the title of a booklet which gives many valuable and novel recipes for salads, sandwiches, sauces, luncheon dishes, etc. A copy will be mailed free for the asking. A sample of Durkee's Salad Dressing delivered free to any address upon the receipt of ten cents. E. R. DURKEE & CO., 157 Water St., New York.



Ladies Going to California

Want comfort en route, which was always a distinction of The California Limited — Santa Fe Route. This year an observation car is added, with a spacious assembly room for ladies and children.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.,
CHICAGO.



Make Old Clothing Look Like New.

You can color anything any color with Diamond Dyes. Dresses, jackets, cloaks, wraps, men's suits, feathers, stockings, ribbons, can all be made to look like new with these great money saving dyes. They make absolutely fast colors that are true to name, and give results superior to much of the dyeing done by job dye houses. Direction book and sample card free. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

*A
Trifle
Mannish*

STYLE
510.



*The Ideal
Dress
Boot*

STYLE
511.



THE FAMOUS Queen Quality Shoe

For Women.

The Most Wonderful Value
Ever Offered for **\$3.00.**

HIGHEST QUALITY
of Material and
Workmanship.

*Dull Mat
Kid Top*

STYLE
522.



*Brown
Willow
Calf*

STYLE
524.



IMPORTED DESIGNERS of RARE ABILITY have produced a shoe which is a REVELATION to the wearer.

For stylish effect, retaining its shape, and fitting where others fail, it has no equal.

We are the LARGEST MAKERS of women's fine shoes in the WORLD. This explains how so good a shoe can be made for \$3.00.

For your POCKET'S SAKE, and your CONTINUOUS COMFORT'S SAKE, Insist on having the GENUINE trade-marked shoe.

If your dealer hasn't them we will send a pair, express prepaid, upon receipt of \$3.00.



Send for artistic illustrated catalogue FREE, giving full description and how to order.

FOERDERER'S VICI KID
USED EXCLUSIVELY.

MADE IN
THIRTY STYLES.

THOS. G. PLANT CO. - - - - BOSTON, MASS.

SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE THEM



SUNART CAMERAS

28 STYLES, \$5.00 to \$45.00
....FROM

Sunart Cycle Vici No. 1

HAS EVERY KNOWN
IMPROVEMENT...

...IT'S COMPACT...
Can be carried in Grip or on Wheel
with no inconvenience.

Send 2c. Stamp
for Catalogue.

SUNART PHOTO CO.
91 AQUEDUCT ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Nothing more suitable for a
HOLIDAY GIFT than a

RAY Camera.

They have stood the test of time.
15 styles from \$2.50 up.
We guarantee every camera.
Our handsomely illustrated catalogue
free.

MUTSCHLER, ROBERTSON & CO.,
165 W. MAIN ST., - ROCHESTER, N. Y.



The Niagara Jr.

IS A PERFECT AND COMPLETE

Camera for 35 cts.

Guaranteed to take out-door and interior
pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches equal to any higher
price camera made. Specially ground lens.
Shutter arranged for Snap-Shot and Time
Exposures. Uses glass plates.
Sent to any address, prepaid, upon receipt
of 35 CENTS in stamps or coin.

NIAGARA CAMERA CO.,
331-333 Main St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated
Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling
14 doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each.
Send your full address by return mail and
we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and
a large Premium List! No money required.

BLUINE CO., Box A, Concord Junction, Mass.

DUMB-BELL BUTTONS, FREE.



We only ask you to pay the
postage and get a pair of latest
style Dumb-bell Buttons
ABSOLUTELY FREE! Guaranteed
value, 50c. Either silver or
gold, heaviest plate. Will wear
six months. Sent, with 12c
page catalogue of 5,000 bargains,
FREE, if you send 3 two-cent stamps for postage.
E. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 61 Cortlandt St., Dept. 106, N. Y.

WANTED

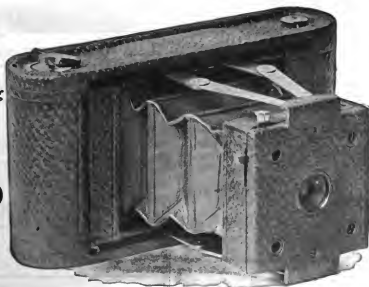
RELIABLE
MEN in every
locality, local or
traveling, to intro-

duce a new discovery and keep our show cards
tacked up on trees, fences, and bridges
throughout town and country; steady employ-
ment; commission or salary; \$65.00 PER
MONTH AND EXPENSES not to ex-
ceed \$2.50 per day; money deposited in any
bank at start if desired. Write for particulars.
THE GLOBE MEDICAL ELECTRIC CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Holidays are Kodak Days

Folding
Pocket
Kodak
\$10



Indoors and Out the holiday season is a delightful one for amateur photography, making the Kodak an especially welcome **Christmas Gift**.

The Christmas tree, groups of friends at the dinner table or at the card party are all fascinating subjects for the flash-light and the winter days give ample opportunity for indoor portraiture, while outside, the barren, wind swept fields, or the trees covered with their feathery mantles of white offer unlimited possibilities to the amateur artist.

Flash-light pictures and daylight pictures are easy with a Kodak.

KODAKS \$5.00 to \$35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y

\$15 COUCH FREE

SAFE DELIVERY OF GOODS GUARANTEED.



To quickly introduce our popular plan of selling direct to consumers at strictly wholesale prices and to make customers at once, we give this **Couch Free** to each purchaser of our sample grocery offer.

We Sell You the Groceries.

We Give You the Couch Free.

This is our regular \$15 Couch, is 27 x 79 inches, upholstered in the finest imported figured velvet or wide wale corduroy in any standard shade or color. Full set of best springs. Spring edge and end. Deep hussit tufted. Samples of the covering free upon request.

We Want No Money in Advance.

We sell groceries at wholesale prices and we want to place a sample lot in your home. We can save you from 10 to 25 per cent. on all your purchases, and to prove our statement have made up what we call a "sample order," itemized in this ad, which amounts to \$15. We want you to try the groceries and convince yourself that our goods and prices are all we claim. We know that you will help advertise us and will buy all your supplies from us after receiving this "sample lot" to be used as a test trial and returned if not all claimed.

Our Sample Order.

50 lbs. best granulated sugar	\$2.50
5 lbs. best Golden Rio coffee	.50
5 lbs. best tea, any brand	2.25
2 lbs. best baking powder	1.00
2 lbs. best Carolina rice	.30
1 lb. best corn starch	.10
6 lbs. best glass starch	.50
2 lbs. choice raisins	.25
2 lbs. extra cleaned currants	.20
20 lbs. best laundry soap	1.00
12 boxes parlor matches, 250-box	
cakes toilet soap, 1 lb. size	.20
1 lb. shredded coconut	.50
1 box stove polish	.10
1 box shoe blacking	.10
1 lb. best pepper, ground	.25
1-2 lb. pure cinnamon, ground	.25
1-2 lb. best mustard, ground	.25
1-2 lb. best grade ginger, ground	.25
1-2 lb. best grade cloves, ground	.25
1-4 lb. large nutmegs	.40
1 pt. triple extract lemon	1.20
1 pt. triple extract vanilla	1.20
1 qt. best liquid bluing	.50
1 pt. household ammonia	.15

These groceries amount to **\$15.00**

Couch sells for **15.00**

Both would cost **\$30.00**

Our sample order price only **\$15.00**

We are sometimes asked how we can afford to make such an offer as this. We will tell you the secret. The goods are sold direct from manufacturer to consumer, saving the two or three profits you have to pay when goods are bought at usual retail prices. Our contracts for goods were placed months ago, when prices were lowest ever known, and are among the largest ever placed for supplies in this country. We get special prices and our plan gives our patrons all the advantages of these prices.

How to Order.

Simply say you are a reader of this paper and accept our Sample Offer No. 32 and give full directions; also state color of upholstery, first and second choice. Orders should be signed by the head of the family. Price includes packing and drayage for goods on board cars in Chicago. When the goods arrive at depot examine them and if found to be all we claim remit us the sample price for groceries alone, \$15. Otherwise refuse them and notify us that they are subject to our order.

To Our Friends who prefer to remit in advance (we don't ask it) we give the lady of the house 1 doz. Turkish Bath Towels, 14x27 in., fringed and bordered. This about pays us for bookkeeping and other clerical work and should go to the customers as a saving to them. The towels are an extra premium for cash in advance and will not be given with C. O. D. orders. Money refunded if goods are not as represented.

Testimonials.

Gentlemen: The sample order of groceries came in due time. I did not see how it is that you give so much and of such good quality for \$15 and then such a beautiful couch for a present. Those who have not seen the goods and couch say it is almost impossible, but I know it is so, for I have received the goods and couch. H. E. BARCOCK, Garner, Iowa, March 3, 1898.

Gentlemen: Groceries and couch received. Everything just as advertised. No packages broken and everything full weight. EUGENE WYKOFF, New Carlisle, Ind.

Gentlemen: Groceries and couch arrived safely. Am highly pleased with them. Will say that you have performed what you advertised. BARNBRIDGE, N. Y. MRS. E. H. WARREN.

NOTE.—We have hundreds of other testimonials of a similar nature, but lack of space prevents our publishing them in this article.

Consolidated Wholesale Supply Co.,

215-219 S. Clinton Street, Chicago.

REMEMBER, YOU GET THE COUCH FREE.

This concern is responsible.—EDITOR.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on." — *Shakespeare, "Tempest," act iv., sc. 1.*



**Sold by mail,
only
\$15.**

Size 4 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 3 in.
Made in two parts,
50 cents extra.

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress.

We **KNOW** that we make the best mattress in the world, but it is hard for us to convince **YOU**, individually, of it without a trial. Perhaps you don't need a mattress now. Don't let that keep you from sending for our **Free** book, "The Test of Time." It costs us 25 cents to answer every inquiry, but we will get rich if we can interest enough people merely to send for our book; write to-day.

GUARANTEE • Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you hoped for in the way of a mattress, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability, and comfort of any \$30 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

Express charges paid to anywhere—and back.

Our goods are not for sale at stores anywhere. Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress. We make all sizes at corresponding prices.



OSTERMOOR & CO., 129 Elizabeth Street, New York City.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."

This chair is covered with

PANTASOTE

A Wonderful Material!

Waterproof, grease proof, stain proof, and germ proof. Will outwear leather; looks exactly like it and costs half as much.

Tested for six years by leading railways of Europe and America, and by steamship companies, yacht and coach builders, furniture makers and upholsterers, and proved to be superior to any material for durability. Adopted by the U. S. War Department for its ambulances

Pantasote does not rot, crackle, or peel, is not affected by heat, cold, or moisture, is not inflammable, and is made in plain leather grains or embossed. All standard colors.

Enough to cover a dining chair seat or foot-stool seat for 25c. in stamps.

Sample free. 6 x 15 ins. sent for ac. stamp and your furniture dealer's or upholsterer's name.

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY,

29 Broadway (Dept. K), N. Y. City.



LOST 40 lbs. OF FAT.

Are you too stout?



MRS. HELEN WEBER, of Maricopa, O., says: "It reduced my weight to the without sickness or any inconvenience whatever."

We are going to give away barrels and

Barrels of Sample Boxes Free

just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name and address at once. It costs you nothing to try it. Each box is sent in a plain sealed package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Hall Chemical Co., K. A. Box, St. Louis, Mo.

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver Disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous, but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken without success, we have a simple treatment that will reduce weight, as thousands can testify. The following are a few of the thousands who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

Reduced

Mr. W. A. Pollock, Hartington, Neb. 50 lbs.
Mrs. M. M. Cummins, Ottawa, Ill. 78 "
Miss M. Harrington, Lakeview, Mich. 50 "
Miss M. Nobles, Racine, Wis. 54 "



FREE! A beautiful Solid Gold Shell Ring with a simulating Birthday Stone, mounted in Belcher setting, also an exquisite Tiffany style Opal Stick Pin.

You Pay Nothing. Simply send

NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POST CARD and we will send you 12 packages of Imperishable Violet Sachet Perfume to sell for us, if you can, at 10 cents each. When sold send us our money, and we will send you **FREE** both prizes. (To each month is dedicated a precious stone. Anyone wearing the stone of their birth-month insures them great and unending good luck.) These Birthday Rings surpass in beauty any **FREE** premium ever offered. Send address on Post Card. No money required. Perfume returnable if not sold. Mention this paper. **National Supply Co.** 40, 40, 50 West Larned St., DETROIT, MICH.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Wonderful Invention

Tones Every Organ and Nerve in the



Price, \$5.00.

orating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most invigorating Turkish, hot-air, or medicated bath at a trifling cost. Price, \$5.00.

The Rev. J. W. Bailey, D. D., Topeka, Kans., recommends this Thermal Bath Cabinet highly for nervous diseases. S. K. May, Haver, Kans., suffered fifteen years with nervous prostration, and our Bath Cabinet a short time he was entirely cured. Dr. Wm. F. Holcombe, one of New York's ablest and best known specialists, recommends this Cabinet for Bright's disease and all kidney troubles, and also says it is the greatest cure known for gonorrhea. Ladies should have our Complimental Shower used in conjunction with the Cabinet, in which the face is given the same vapor treatment as the body. The only harmless and sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. It is the only cure for pimples, blotches, and other disagreeing sores and blemishes. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh and Asthma. Price, \$1.50 extra.

FREE Descriptive Book and Testimonials to all who write, Special Inducements to Agents. **MOLLENNOPP & MCCREERY, 124 Summit St. Toledo, O.**



Free! Our Golden Watch has the appearance of one worth \$50.00. The Watch is accompanied by a 10 YEAR GUARANTEE. The most see beautifully made by the most skilled workmen. The movement is ALL AMERICAN STYLE, full plate, expansion balance, quick train, and you see rely upon it that when you examine one of these truly handsome watches, you will at all times have the correct time in your possession. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, you have an opportunity to secure one. To obtain, our Photograph Outline we will send you this Watch Free if you will take advantage of our marvelous offer. You may secure it without delay. With your name and address on a post card, or 10c. stamp, after which we will send you a Photograph Outline and our offer. You can produce a picture with a few pith of pencil. After you receive the beautiful Watch we shall expect you to show it to your friends and will be attracted to this advertisement. The Watch is sent Free, by Registered Post, on your complying with our advertisement, and the marvelous offer above will send you a 10 YEAR GUARANTEE. Money returned if not more than estimated. SEND US 10 CENTS, silver, or 13-cent stamp. We will mail you at once our WATCH OFFER and Photograph Outline. You will then know all about our watches and also appreciate our Price. Address: **STAR PHOTO CO., 19 Warren Street, New York.**



SEND 50 CENTS Cut this ad. out, send to us and we will send you this GUITAR by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent. Our Special Offer Price, \$2.95, less the 50 cents or \$2.45 and express charges. THIS IS A REGULAR, 6-STRING, THROATBOARD, MANUFACTURE FINISH GUITAR, highly polished, beautiful inlaying around sound-hole, American patent hand, best nickel-plated tail piece, powerful and sweet toned, extra set of genuine Gibson strings and a Guckert book of chords which teaches anyone how to play. Write for free musical instrument and organ and pianola catalog. We sell Violins at \$1.15 and up, Mandolins \$1.95 and up, Banjos \$1.25 and up, Organs \$1.00 and up, Pianos \$15.00 and up. Everything at lowest wholesale prices, and all subject to examination before paying. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable-Editor)

Don't Shed Hairpins

but buy "HOLDFAST" Aluminum Hairpins. The only hairpins that stay where you put them, and will neither fall out, warp, split, break, nor rust. It is the shape of the top that makes them **hold fast**.



THIS IS A "HOLDFAST" HAIRPIN.

Be sure that the hairpin you buy looks like this. Dealers may offer you cheap imitations on which they make more profit. Do not be deceived, but insist on getting the genuine **HOLDFAST**.

Size, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; polished or with black tops. Also $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with heavy prongs for braid or bonnet use.

If your dealer will not supply you, send 10 cents in stamps for sample of six small or one large. Mention whether your hair is heavy or light.

Made in white, black, brown, and auburn.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.

BOX K, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Trade **N° 4711** Mark

Capto

(REGISTERED)

The Unrivalled Hair Tonic

The Only Dandruff Cure

A Sure Preventive of Baldness

Invented by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, **Dr. P. J. Eichhoff**, Professor of Dermatology, **Elberfeld, Germany**.

Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures.

Send for circular.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, . . NEW YORK.

SPECIAL \$2.75

EXAMINATION FREE. Cut this ad out and send to: SEND NO MONEY. State your HEIGHT and WEIGHT, number of inches around body at waist and back, whether Black or Blue is wanted, and we will send you this cape by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented, and the best value you ever saw or heard of, and far cheaper than any other house can offer, pay the express agent our special price, **\$2.75** and express charges.



THIS CAPE is the very latest style for Fall and Winter, made of Black or Blue all-wool genuine Clayton Beaver skin, 28 inches long, 18 inches wide and three rows narrow Mohair braid. This garment is fine tailor-made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double our price. Write for our free Check Catalogue of everything in women's and children's wear. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.)** Fulton, Des Moines and Wayman Sts., **CHICAGO, ILL.**

very full sweep, 12-inch upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully edged with fine Black Baltic Seal, trimmed with one row wide and three rows narrow Mohair braid. This garment is fine tailor-made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double our price. Write for our free Check Catalogue of everything in women's and children's wear. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.)** Fulton, Des Moines and Wayman Sts., **CHICAGO, ILL.**

CURED TO STAY CURED
ASTHMA
Dr. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Best Home Game

Adapted for either Children or Adults

PRICES: Paper Bound, \$1 each; Cloth Bound, \$2 each. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price

PARCHEESI

The Royal Game of India

No household complete
No home happy without it

No Parlor Table Game has ever been published which has had so great a sale. For twenty years the best families have had it in their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is always called for when the question arises, "What shall we play?"

The best game ever published. Sold by leading Book, Stationery, Toy, and Department Stores in the United States, or mailed, postpaid, by

SELCHOW & RIGHTER, 390 Broadway, N. Y.



DEWEY PRIZE PROBLEM \$500.00 IN SOUVENIR PRIZES

**PRIZES SENT SAME DAY
ANSWER IS RECEIVED**

And Other Prizes Later if YOU Want Them

This is Dewey, the hero of Manila. That is plain. But hovering around him are four of his admirers. They are not so plain. Can you find them? If you can, mark each face with an X and return to us with 25 cents silver or 26 cents in stamps for a trial subscription to the **CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST**, a 20-page family monthly, and you will receive a magnificent Dewey souvenir spoon as a prize. This magnificent spoon contains a medallion of the great hero, Admiral Dewey: also in the bowl is shown the magnificent flagship, Olympia, in relief, together with ornamentation, both beautiful and patriotic. This spoon is full size, and, notwithstanding the great cost of design, is also completely plated with gold, both bowl and handle. In addition to this we will allow you to enter our subscribers' contest, without further cost. You will get full particulars of its requirements with your prize for answering the puzzle, and have a fair, equal and even chance, by meritorious effort and no further expenditure of money, to win a grand prize. Among them are

\$100 Cash, Bicycle, \$25 Cash, Gold Watch, Sewing Machine, Silk Dresses, Silver Tea Sets.

and many others too numerous to mention. We wish to lead, and hence offer these valuable prizes to increase our subscription list. Remember that if you solve the Dewey Puzzle you will be sure of one prize, as promised, and you will not be required to expend another penny to compete in the contest for the large prizes, the full particulars of which will be sent you free. In our subscription contest which closed June 30, Mrs. A. Packard, 517 N. 10th St., Saginaw, E. S., Mich., got \$100; Mrs. Wm. Fenton, La Junta, Colo., got a Bicycle; J. E. Joncas, 71 Main St., Hartford, Conn., got Gold Watch; Miss Hattie Huguinn, Medford, Wis., got \$12.50; Miss Bertha L. Sersur, 1212 Scranton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, got \$12.50; P. Bray, Augusta, Ga., got Sewing Machine; 5 got Silk Dresses, 5 got Silver Tea Sets, 10 got Diamond Rings, 10 got Silver Water Pitchers, 22 got Silver Tea Pots, 30 got Silver Bonbon and set Spoons, 29 got Gold Rings, 30 got Silver Sngar Shell and Butter Knife, 40 got Silver Bonbon, 110 got Silver Orange Spoons—in fact, every one got a prize. The best, brightest and most zealous got the large prizes. Will you be one to try and win the \$100? If so, answer to-day and be among the first to enter. The regular price of the paper is 50 cents, but if you answer our Dewey puzzle we will send it to you for half price, and if your answer be correct, **you are sure of a prize by return mail.** If you are not satisfied money will be promptly returned. If you are now a subscriber your time will be extended. When contest closes names of winners of principal prizes will appear in the **HOUSEHOLD GUEST**. When answering be sure and say whether you are a subscriber now or not. Answer to-day. *Contest closes December 31, 1898.* Address

HOUSEHOLD GUEST CO., DEPT. 37, CHICAGO, ILL.

OLD COINS WANTED.

Coins and stamps before 1878 are valuable. Send to cts. for list of prices paid. National Supply Co., Peckville, Pa.



STAMPS. 50 diff. genuine Cuba, Pto. Rico, Philippine Isl., Mexico, Egypt, etc., with small album, only 5c. Approval sheets at 50 per cent. Agents wanted. New 80-page Price List Free! Established 1885. **STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**



Vapo-Cresolene

FOR

Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.

"Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sold by all druggists.

VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.
Schieffelin & Co., New York, U.S. Agents.

THE
GREAT AMERICAN
TEA
COMPANY

TEA SET FREE,

Toilet Set, Watch, Lamp, Clock, and many other Household Articles

with \$5.00, \$7.00 and \$10.00 orders of our celebrated Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. Great inducements. Something entirely new. Price Last Free.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 289.

50 CENTS.



Cut this ad. out and send to me and we will send you this Violin and Outfit by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our special offer price, \$8.35, less the 50 cents, or \$8.15, and express charges. This is a regular \$25.00 Stradivarius Model Violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone, complete with fine maple bow, one extra set of strings, violin case, rosin and one of the best instruction books published. Write for free musical instrument and organ and piano catalogues.

Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

Happy Hint!



"Give your friends The Black Cat as a Christmas present, 50 cents a year, postage paid."

A Sense of Pleasure

comes to the mouth that's made sweet and wholesome by the use of delicious

Arnica Tooth Soap

Preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, sweetens the breath. Is antiseptic, cooling, refreshing. The standard dentifrice for 80 years.

25c at all druggists, or by mail.
C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER
makes them
beautiful.
TRY IT.
Take no Substitute
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE 50c

Free Sample upon application to
J. A. POZZONI PHARMACAL CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased this new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears self by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied as ever afterward. MODENE DESTROYS ELECTRICITY.

—Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be so harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. (Correspondence sacredly private.) Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR CREDIT AND THIS FACT.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND MODENE MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. 2 CINCINNATI, O.
GENERAL AGENTS Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparation.
WANTED. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

LADIES TRAVELING ALONE.

Very few ladies like to travel alone, especially if accompanied by children; most of them consider railway journeys at all times irksome; but not when they travel via the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

This road is equipped with all the latest improvements possible, making travel pleasant instead of disagreeable. Courteous attendants, comfortable seats, high speed—these are among the chief points to which the Lake Shore can point with pride.

Be sure you buy your ticket over this road.

EXTRA PAY can be earned evenings by giving **Stereoscopic exhibitions.** Little capital needed. Full particulars and 256 page *Magic Lantern* catalog free. McALLISTER, 112-114, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

HIGH ARM.



Washers
Dryers

USE IT FREE

30 days in your own home before paying one cent in advance; shipped anywhere, in travel, for 30 days' test trial. We risk you. \$60 White Star Machine, . . . \$25.00
\$50 Pearl Machine, . . . 15.00
Standard Singer, 22, 21, 20, 16.00
Full set of instructions free, by from factory and save \$10 to \$40; WE PAY FREIGHT, shipments in use; catalog, showing 20 other styles, free. Each machine guaranteed 10 years.
Consolidated Wholesale Supply Co.
Address (in full) Dept. 109 315 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN A PROFESSION in 10 days that will net you \$25 a day the rest of your life. Ladies or gentlemen. Address, with stamp, Prof. S. A. WELTMER, Nevada, Mo.

\$1,000 MAKING \$1,000 A MONTH.

IN GOLD FOR STORIES

FOR PUBLICATION IN

The Gentlewoman,

America's Greatest and Best Journal for Women.

12 PRIZES FOR STORY WRITERS.

Three hundred dollars for a story from 1,500 to 10,000 words. **THE GENTLEWOMAN** stands ready to give that amount. Better still, it will be glad to pay good prices for eleven more. The prizes are:

FIRST, \$300.

SECOND, \$150.

THIRD, \$100.

FOURTH TO TWELFTH,

\$50 each.

WE WANT FASCINATING STORIES CLEVERLY TOLD.

Writers may choose their own themes; but love stories, detective stories, ghost stories, stories of adventure and mystery are preferred. No poems desired. Each story must be original and so full of incident and action as to interest intelligent people everywhere. Clean, clever, wholesome stories, that are free from padding, foreign phrases, and attempted fine writing are what we want.

CONDITIONS.—All MSS. must bear a pen name, together with number of words, which may range from 1,500 to 10,000. In a separate sealed envelope accompanying each MS., marked on the outside with the pen name of the writer, must be the author's full name and address. As all stories will positively be judged on their merits, the writer's name or reputation will carry no weight whatever. Postage must be fully prepaid and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for their return. All letters relating to same must be enclosed with MS. and not under separate cover. All MSS. will be received and returned only at the writer's risk. With every MS. intended for this special prize competition must be enclosed in the same envelope \$1.00 to pay for one year's subscription to **THE GENTLEWOMAN**. Write the name and address of the subscriber on a separate slip of paper, so that same can be turned over to our subscription department. This slip will positively not be seen by those who read and judge the stories, nor will they know the real name of the contributor until after awards are made. All envelopes containing MSS. and subscriptions must be plainly marked "Prize Stories." The receipt will be promptly acknowledged. Competitors may send as many stories as they please, provided the above conditions are complied with in each case. The competition will close January 30, 1920, after which prizes will be paid in gold, and also announced in **THE GENTLEWOMAN**.

MSS. that fail to be included in the prize awards and are deemed worthy of publication in **THE GENTLEWOMAN** will be paid for at our regular rates; balance will be returned. The conditions and requirements herein fully set forth, neither the publishers nor editor can enter into correspondence relative thereto. All MSS. must be addressed

GENTLEWOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

"Prize Story," German Herold Building, New York.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES AILMENTS PECULIAN TO WOMEN
COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

WORN WITH OR WITHOUT CORSET.
Endorsed by Every Physician Who Has Used It.

BE COMFORTABLE
BE HEALTHY AND STRONG
BE MORE ATTRACTIVE
WORK AND WALK WITH EASE

All this is within your reach. Our Braces will do the work. Let us tell you how in our illustrated book mailed free in plain sealed envelope, with letters from delighted customers. Write for it to-day.

The following letter is one of many thousands:

Curtis, Miss., Sept. 1, 1898. "The Brace I purchased of you two years ago did all that you claimed for it. It cured me of the worst forms of female weakness—ovarian troubles, headache, bearing down pains, constipation, inflammation, and other things of 30 years' standing. I can never say enough in praise of the dear old Brace, since it has cured me after spending hundreds of dollars for medicine and doctors' bills."

Mrs. Susie Woodard."

MONEY REFUNDED IF BRACE IS NOT SATISFACTORY.

Address THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO., BOX 50, Salina, Kansas.

Every woman anticipating motherhood should have this Brace.

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION — COMFORTABLE — ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

WOMAN'S DUTY

Is to aid in the cure of
INTERPERANCE

Our purely vegetable remedy will positively destroy all taste for alcoholic beverages. It is guaranteed harmless. It acts as a tonic on the nervous system. We invite closest investigation. Write for booklet containing references, genuine testimonials and other valuable information. Remedy comes in soluble tablet form. Can be given secretly, in tea, coffee, soup, etc. Price \$1.00 per bottle. REMOVA MEDICAL CO., Dept. 80, 96 E way, New York.

MORPHINE!

EASY, PAINLESS, PERMANENT HOME CURE.

We will send any one addicted to MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, or other DRUG HABIT, a true treatment, FREE OF CHARGE, of the most remarkable remedy for this purpose ever discovered. Containing the GREAT VITAL PRINCIPLE lacking in all other remedies. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially PHYSICIANS.
ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1181 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.



Cancer and Tumor Cured without the aid of knife or plaster, and without pain.

A treatise, testimonials and letter of advice free. Address,

Vegetable Cancer Cure Co.,

CHATHAM, N. Y.

The finest sanitarium in America.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.



"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. Sample free by mail.
513 Arch Street.
WALTER F. WARE, Philadelphia, Pa.



\$1.95 BUYS A \$3.50 SUIT

2,000 CELEBRATED "KANTWEAROUT" double seat and double knee. Regular \$6.50 Boys' 2-Piece Knee-Pant Suits going at \$1.95.

A NEW SUIT FREE for any of these suits which don't give satisfactory wear.

Send No Money. Cut this Ad. out, state age of boy and say whether large or small for age, and we will send you the suit by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for \$2.50, pay your express agent our special offer price, \$1.95 and express charges.

THESE KNEE-PANT SUITS are for boys from 4 to 15 years of age, and are retailed everywhere at \$3.50. Made with double seat and knees, latest 1899 style as illustrated, made from a special wear-resisting, heavy-weight, ALL-WOOL Oatmeal easiness, neat, handsome pattern, fine serge lining, Clayton patent interlining, padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, see taller-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing (suits, overcoats or shirts), for boys 4 to 15 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 900, containing fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order.

Men's Suits and Overcoats made to order from \$2.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

I WILL TELL YOU
cured of Dyspepsia
and Indigestion.

FREE

HOW I WAS
it won't cost one
cent to find out
Harry D. Paget,
111 2nd Ave. N.Y.

"TRIX"

TRIX CO., ROCHESTER N.Y.

5¢ THROAT
RELIEF
TRIX
FRAGRANT AROMATIC
BREATH PERFUME

\$2.95



OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad-out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, \$2.95, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of BLACK or BLUE genuine KANGAROO double texture, waterproof GENUINE CLOTH, with fancy plaid lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor-made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free Sample Book No. 85 C. ADDRESS, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

FARN A COUCH

By selling 50 lbs. Baker's Tea, etc., or 65 lbs. for Roll Top Desk or Piano Lamp; 25 lbs. Silver Watch; 50 lbs. Gold Watch or Dinner Set; 15 lbs. Toilet Set; 75 lbs. up Bicycles. Express prepaid. Catalogue free. W. G. BAKER (Dept. 8), Springfield, Mass.

YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY



EXHIBITING OUR WONDERFUL GEM GRAMOPHONE TALKING MACHINE in public halls, school houses and churches. It talks, it plays music, it imitates perfectly the brass band, the orchestra, the piano, the human voice, in fact everything. A wonder as a money maker and as a home entertainer. All the latest music, either vocal instrumental, speeches of prominent men, etc. COMPLETE OUTFIT consisting of Talking Machine with automatic spring motor, 15 musical or talking records, large illustrated advertising posters (12x18 inches), admission tickets and instruction book with advice about making engagements, securing the use of halls, etc., FOR \$15.25. SO SIMPLE that a child can operate it and nothing to get out of order. Will last a lifetime. Cut this ad. out and send for catalogue of Gramophones, Records, etc., with names of hundreds of testimonials from people who are making hundreds of dollars with our exhibition outfits. ADDRESS, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.

Best Christmas Gift. | A year's subscription to The Black Cat, 50 cts., postage paid.

SEND 50 CENTS

Cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will send you this MANDOLIN by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, \$4.65 less the 50 cents, or \$4.15 and express charges. THIS IS A REGULAR \$10.00 GENUINE COLLEMAN Solid Back-gut Mandolin, has 15 mahogany ribs, handsome strip between each rib, celluloid edges, rosewood finger-board, inlaid position dots, mabagonized neck, American patent head, beautiful inlays around sound-hole, latest potent nickel plated sleeve protecting tail piece, extra set genuine Girardoni strings and Guckert's book of chords which teaches anyone how to play. Write for free musical instrument, organ and piano catalogue. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. Inc. Chicago.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)



YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$30

Per day exhibiting our
Panoramic Cuban War Exhibition Outfit.

Everybody is enthused over the brilliant victories of our Army and Navy and the exhibitions have only to be advertised to bring crowded houses at good prices for admission. We furnish the complete outfit, including 52 Cuban War Views, High Grade Stereoscopes, large (14x21) Advertising Posters, Admission Tickets, etc., for a little money. Cut this ad. out and send for circulars with full particulars and copies of testimonials from exhibitors who are making big money with our outfits. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Inc., Chicago, Ill.



\$9.50 BUYS A HIGH VICTOR SEWING MACHINE
 Adapted to Light and Heavy Work. Reliable and Fully Finished; Guaranteed for 10 Years. Write for 32 Page Catalogue. Althorpeville from 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Address 1 Dept. 605, VICTOR MFG. CO., 295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

HOME EMPLOYMENT

for Men and Women

We have a large quantity of work to give out to families (occupying their whole time or leisure hours). We send it by mail and have it returned by mail. Any person can do this work and easily make from \$7 to \$10 per week. Write at once for full particulars and instructions.

NIAGARA ART SUPPLY CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

BE SURE AND ASK FOR

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

And take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

We refund your money any time within 60 days.

This will enable you, **without risk**, to test

THE "PRACTICAL" TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS.



A device which keeps Trousers "Smooth as if ironed" and enables a closet arrangement which gives **maximum convenience** and **two-fold capacity**. Each garment separately get-at-able.



Our 32-page descriptive booklet (free on request) tells you what other people think of our device. It contains **facsimile** reproductions of letters from customers sending us **duplicate orders**—the strongest kind of endorsement—and the names of over 1,500 well-known gentlemen who have in use one or more of our \$5.00 sets.

The **Five Dollar Set** consists of 6 Practical Trousers Hangers and 3 Practical Closet Rods—sent express prepaid on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a \$5.00 set. It meets the average requirements. Single Trousers Hangers, 75c. each. Single Rods, price 25c. For \$1.00 we will send, prepaid, one Hanger and one Rod, and afterward, if wanted, the remainder of the set for \$4.00.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.,

436 Walnut Street, - - Philadelphia, Pa.

HAWAII AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Send four cents (in stamps) for an illustrated booklet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, the direct route across the American Continent to the New Trans-Pacific Possessions of the United States. Full of latest reliable information and valuable for reference. Can be used as a text-book in school. Address, Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Wooden Hen

Price \$7. Heat and moisture regulation and ventilation, absolutely perfect.

A book about the Wooden Hen, and one about the Excelsior Incubator, will be sent free to any one naming this paper.



GEO. H. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

HEALING Hemorrhones



Cure **PILES** without pain.

They are soluble suppositories of medicated and solidified glycerin, promptly relieving pain, spasm, soothing the parts and keeping the medicine where it is needed, for two hours. no other method can do this.

They are easy to use—giving quick relief at low cost, while operations are expensive and dangerous.

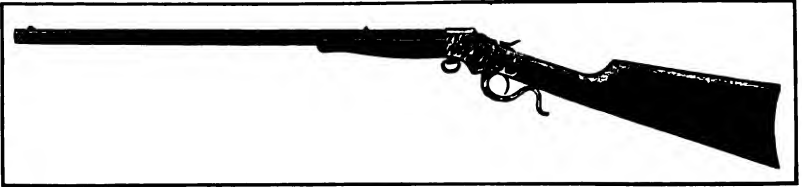
Don't run the risk of blood poisoning and death. Write for samples.

6 IN TRIAL PACKAGE 25c.
JUST ONCE TO ANY ADDRESS
25 IN SHAMPEL TIN BOX. \$1.00

The Standard Chemical Co., Ltd.,
1059 Cherry St., PHILADELPHIA.

A Stevens Rifle

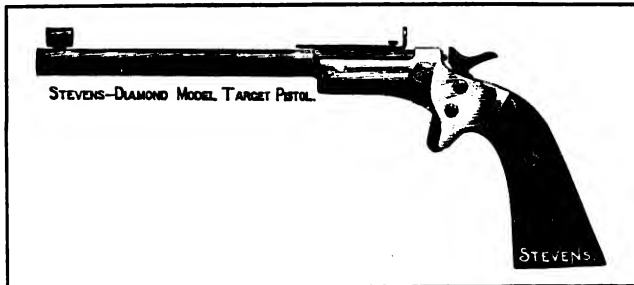
will make a most acceptable Christmas Present for any friend, especially a boy, who will then be taught to love Nature, to roam the fields, and gain health.



We make a full line of target pistols and rifles. Our little "Favorite," for instance, above illustrated, costs but **\$6.00**, but is just as fully guaranteed as to *accuracy, strength, and safety* as any arm made.

Nothing cheap about
it but ***THE PRICE.***

Send stamp for our complete catalogue, describing our full line, and book of "Practical Pointers."



OUR LITTLE "DIAMOND" TARGET PISTOL.

PRICE OF PISTOL, \$5.00, 6-inch barrel, nickel-plated frame, target sights.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,

P. O. Box 307,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.



FOUR FULL QUARTS,
EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,
FOR \$3.20.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your \$3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery, No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 601 to 607 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm will do as it agrees to.—Editor.



It is seldom, indeed, that there dawns on the public a story both International and intensely American, pulsing with romance yet never descending to mawkishness, introducing a tangle of motives yet never tearing probability to tatters,—in short, a story which, avoiding bloodshed, ghosts, robbery on the one hand, and farce-comedy and milk-and-water sentiment on the other, by turn delights, enthalls, mystifies, finally subjugates the mind of the most exacting reader.

Such a story, told in English which is always at high-water mark, is "The Tax on Moustaches," which will appear in the January number of *The Black Cat*.

The sum paid by the publishers of *The Black Cat* for "The Tax on Moustaches" represents, no doubt, the highest rate ever paid for a short story. While more than \$1,500 has been paid for a single story that filled a volume or ran through many instalments, in no other instance, we believe, was 33 cents per word paid for a story judged solely upon its merits.

The Black Cat differs from all other publications in that it pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but pays the highest price on record for Stories that are Stories; that it pays NOT according to Length but according to Strength; that it publishes No Serial Stories, No Translations, No Borrowings, and No Stealings.

It is gratifying to note in this connection that the author of "The Tax on Moustaches," although at present a resident of London, is an American by birth—a native of California.

Those who fail to read this Prize Story will miss a literary treat, such as is rarely placed within easy reach of all.



**Great
Holiday
Offer**

For Lovers of Real Prize Stories of Adventure, Mystery, Detectives, Love, Humor, and Pathos. For \$1.00 we will mail at once, postage paid, 24 back numbers of *THE BLACK CAT*, each complete in itself and copyrighted, and also mail regularly as issued, postage paid, one copy from Jan., 1899, to Dec., 1899, inclusive. This offer comprises 36 numbers (3 years at price of 2) containing nearly 200 original, fascinating stories all complete, and costing over thirty thousand dollars. *THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.*

HE CURES RUPTURE

REMARKABLE SUCCESSES OF THE
DR. RICE METHOD.

Even Old Men Ruptured All Their Lives Cured.



WM. T. BLANDIN,
of Riverdale, Ia., was cured
by Dr. Rice after 33 years'
suffering with a bad rupture.
No more remarkable expe-
rience than his was ever
recorded.

of one having a sound body, without pain of any kind, with no dan-
ger, and without undergoing an operation, then it is certainly a
method that one ought to look into and learn all about.

Upon application to **DR. W. S. RICE**, 293 R Main Street, Adams,
N. Y., he will mail free to your address an explanatory book which
tells all about his method and is a very convincing proof of the fact
that he cures rupture.

Write to-day while the idea is fresh in your mind.

Any person who is ruptured or knows of any one suffering with this
blighting affliction should interest themselves in the now famous Dr.
Rice method, a system invented by Dr. W. S.
Rice, of Adams, N. Y.

His plan differs from all others in the fact
that it not only holds any kind of a rupture
continually and securely with perfect com-
fort, day and night, but causes new flesh to
form in the ruptural opening, thus binding
the broken place firmly and producing an ab-
solutely perfect and permanent cure. No
other method does this.

Those who have been ruptured for years and
have tried everything without success will
doubtless be skeptical about this new method,
but it is worth while investigating. And
when it is considered that the sufferer may
go about his daily work with all the freedom



GEO. F. MULFORD,
401 E. Fifth St., Boston, Mass.,
was a sufferer 18 years; tried
various trusses; and was
cured by Dr. Rice in a few
weeks. Mr. Mulford natu-
rally recommends Dr. Rice to
all sufferers.



USE GOOD LUCK
**PERFECTION
CIRCLETTES**

which keep the heel from wearing over, and
add from 25 to 50 cents to wearing value of
shoe. Made of hardened silver steel; driven
by a hammer blow. Send 4 cents in stamps
for enough for a pair of shoes, or 20 cents for
three dozen.

SANFORD MFG. CO.

SUMMER AND HIGH STS.,

BOSTON, MASS.

A PROPER
UNDERSTANDING
OF
GILBERT'S
HEEL CUSHIONS
MEANS
THEIR IMMEDIATE
USE.

"WORN INSIDE THE SHOES."
Easy Walking. Increased Height. Arched Instep.
Better Fitting Shoes. Ease and Comfort.

Made in all sizes of leather, cork, and felt.
Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Do not re-
quire larger shoes. Are scientific and healthful
and recommended by physicians. Can be raised or
lowered by adding or removing the layers of cork.
Will outwear two pairs of shoes. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 25c.; $\frac{3}{4}$
in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. Ladies' or men's.

Free Trial. Send name, size of shoe, height
desired, and a-cent stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.
GILBERT MFG. CO., 50 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Great Artery of Travel in the South is the

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

SHORT LINE TO
THE LAND OF THE SKY
ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS,
FLORIDA and
CUBA and PORTO RICO.

J. M. CLIF, Traffic Mgr., ATLANTA, GA.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW YORK

CHARLESTON

FLORIDA

EXCURSIONS TO

FLORIDA

AND THE SOUTH

NEW YORK TO JACKSONVILLE **\$43.30**
AND RETURN FIRST CABIN
Intermediate Cabin, \$35.30

CHARLESTON **\$32.00** FIRST CABIN
AND RETURN
Intermediate Cabin, \$24.00

Above Rates include Meals and Stateroom Accommodations

CLYDE LINE

PIER 29 EAST RIVER NEW YORK

THOS. G. EGER, Traffic Manager, WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents,
6 BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK.

A. P. LANE, New England Passenger Agent, 201 Washington St., Boston.

THE INVALID'S FRIEND.

Wheel Chair. All styles and prices.
Send stamp for catalogue.

RATTAN MFG. CO.,
New Haven, Conn.



SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO U. S. SOLDIERS.

THE DANN PATENT RECLINING GO-CART.



The most popular child's vehicle made, allows child to change position and yet sit comfortable all the time. Suitable for young babe or five year old child.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

GEO. E. DANN, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

CLUB MEN

ON A TRAIN.

Several members of a New York Club, describing a recent trip to Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-four hour trains, expressed the opinion that this service furnished all the accommodations of a first-class club, with the added advantage of the finest landscapes in the country, and an opportunity for the practical study of history and geography that is unsurpassed.

A copy of "The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

22nd ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

1899

Columbia and Hartford Bicycles

PRICES ON AND AFTER NOV. 1st, 1898.

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless . . .	\$75.00
Models 50 and 51	
Columbia Chain Wheels	50.00
Models 57 and 58	
Columbia Chain Wheels	40.00
Model 49, 1899 Improvements	
Columbia Tandems	75.00
Models 47 and 48, Diamond and Combination Frame	
Hartford Bicycles	35.00
Patterns 19 and 20	
Vedette Bicycles { Pat. 21, for Men,	25.00
{ Pat. 22, for Women,	26.00

We also have a few Columbias, Model 46, and Hartfords, Patterns 7 and 8, on which we will quote prices on application.

No need to purchase poorly made bicycles when Columbias, Hartfords, and Vedettes are offered at such low prices. The best of the riding season is before you. **BUY NOW.**

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

GEO. H. GERE YACHT AND LAUNCH WORKS.
FINE CABIN AND GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
OPEN LAUNCHES
Small, 16 1/2 ft. Canoe, 20 ft. Boat, 24 ft. Boat
MONITOR GASOLINE VAPOR ENGINES

For Men, Women and Children. Address,
The N. C. & Rubber Mfg. Co.,
125 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO. Catalogue Free.

**RUBBER
GOODS**

WARM STRONG DURABLE HANDSOME

are our \$3 large gauntlet black fur gloves, by mail prepaid. Send your address and receive our printed folder. It will interest you if you ever drive in cold weather. We also custom tan all kinds of fur skins.

**THE
CROSBY
FRISIAN
FUR
COMPANY,**

116 Mill Street,
Rochester, N. Y.



THE GUARANTEED 5%

Twenty-Year Endowment Bond

issued by

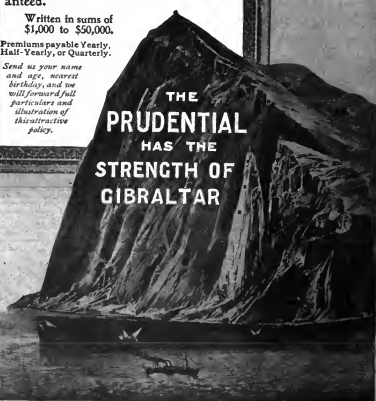
THE PRUDENTIAL

is an ideal contract for investors. No estimates as to future results. Every option and benefit offered is absolutely guaranteed.

Written in sums of
\$1,000 to \$50,000.

Premiums payable Yearly,
Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

*Send us your name
and age, nearest
birthday, and we
will forward full
particulars and
illustration of
this attractive
policy.*



THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

The Prudential Insurance Co.

of America.

John F. Dryden, Pres.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

THE PARKER



GAMES

For Merry Winter Evenings, we especially recommend — out of nearly three hundred games which we publish —

The War in Cuba (for Boys) \$1.25
 Merry Christmas (a fine new game) \$1.50
 The Battle of Manila, 60c. and \$1.00
 Plisow-Dex (the merriest of fun) 25c. and 50c.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD.

Our Illustrated List Mailed Free Upon Request. It will materially aid you in making a selection.

Ask your dealer for the PARKER GAMES. All bear our name.

PARKER BROTHERS SALEM MASS. U.S.A.

PETTIJOHN'S

THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT
 IS BAKED INTO
 DELICIOUS AND NO NUTTING
 UNQUALIFIED FOR CHILDREN
 At all Grocers. Out of Reach on every Pacific

Breakfast Food

FEEDS THE BODY AND THE BRAIN

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., CHICAGO

LEADERS IN CORRECT SHAPES

Wilbur's

TRADE
 DOUBLE
 WEAR



Highest
 Possible Grade

Stately

THE BEST DEALERS CAN SUPPLY YOU.
 IF THEY WILL NOT, WE WILL.

WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.



1 oz. bottle 90 cents. Will be sent express paid on receipt of price.

The New Lundborg Perfume,

"Heather of the Links,"

is Up to Date and as Royal as the Ancient Game of Golf.

For Sale by Dealers Generally.

LADD & COFFIN,

Proprietors and Manufacturers of Lundborg's Perfumes,

24 Barclay Street, New York.

OVER

104,000

No. 1000

OFFICES UNDER SOUTH CHINA

HE

Offices and Factories

417-433 West 28th St.

BLACK, RED, — All Colors.

The Black Cat and other feeling messages use them

Geo. H. Merrill & Co.'s Inks

Are The Best